

THE ARISTIDEAN.

FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

ART. I.—ENGLAND AND TEXAS.



THE recent interference of ENGLAND in the affairs of TEXAS—for FRANCE has been her mere cat's paw in the business—and the disgraceful figure she presents, covered with the shame of her foiled diplomacy, has excited her presses almost to frenzy. The imbecile attempts of that consummate ass, Captain ELLIOT, aided by M. SALIGNY—*par nobile fratrum*—to force a whole people from a settled purpose, having met with a defeat; and ENGLAND having become the laughing-stock of all EUROPE, the English editors have begun to bluster and rave, and talk about a more open interference—a step which their government dare not do, and would not if it dared. In all their distress they receive no sympathy. Had ENGLAND openly proclaimed her intentions—had she played a fair hand in the game of diplomacy, some respect might have been experienced even by those who hate republican institutions. She not only went sneakingly to work, but denied at first informally, and then officially, that she was engaged in her dirty business. She lied—and though it is not new that the government of GREAT BRITAIN should lie, despite the panegyric of our senator who proclaimed her “too great to lie”—the falsehood rendered her so much more an object of scorn.

We intend to take up and notice, in this paper, a few odd sentences from the English journals. We do so to demonstrate the ignorance and folly of the English people—supposing these journals to be, in a degree, the organ of public opinion, over the water. As for the editors themselves, individually, they are of no account. There are no great-

rascals unhung than the English editors, in general; and the mass are ignorant, corrupt, and utterly devoid of principle and good character. Indeed, if we lost our purse in a room filled with company, and an individual present were to own himself the editor of a British newspaper, we should charge him, at once, with having stolen the missing article. A hundred chances to one but it would be found stowed away in his pockets.

The chief complaint of these varlets, is the wrong committed by the government of the UNITED STATES. Coming from the subjects of a kingdom which has pursued a course of fraud and rapine, ever since her naval force began to assume strength, this sounds remarkably well. The history of GREAT BRITAIN is one of continued plunder, robbery, and murder. Civilized or savage—friend or foe—it never made any difference to her. She has defrauded, plundered, and robbed, in all directions. And now, hear how indignantly her organs talk of our acquisition of TEXAS.

"Really, the acquisition of Texas, if it was not concocted in Wall street, must have made Wall street abundantly jealous. Something belongs to the scheme that flings into the shade the sharpest of our, to say nothing of New York, money-brokers, pure "Caucasians" though they be. To traffic in railway shares is, no doubt, a grand thing; to swindle a republic how much grander! The summit of Judaical ambition would be, we take it, to cheat a people out of a large territory—and something like this has been done in Texas."—*London Post*.

"Of the honesty of the transaction the Americans have certainly little reason to boast. They have bought the Texans, or bribed them, by conditions doubling or trebling the value of their scrip, from their undoubted sovereign, and from the United States' inoffensive neighbor, Mexico."—*London Morning Chronicle*.

"The world views the annexation of Texas, if the whole history of the transaction, from first to last, be dispassionately surveyed, as one of the basest frauds and most unwarrantable acts of spoliation ever perpetrated by any nation."—*London Times*.

"— an act of atrocious perfidy and most unjust violence—"—*London Standard*.

"— one of the most nefarious actions recorded in modern history."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Mexico has been forced into this contest. A portion of her territory has been invaded, and her property spoiled by a set of robbers, and she has, in the cause of justice and honor, declared that she will resist the aggressors to the last extremity.

"If there ever was an unobjectionable cause for the shedding of blood, this is one. Texas is not an independent country; whatever she may be *de facto*, she is not *de jure*; and, consequently, the United States have no more right to treat for her annexation to that republic than the subjects of Queen Victoria, who assemble in the Conciliation Hall, of Dublin, have to treat with Louis Philippe for the annexation of Ireland to France."—*Liverpool Mail*.

In answer to all this tirade of baseless falsehood, a few plain facts may be set down.

In order to colonise her north-eastern territory MEXICO invited emigrants from the UNITED STATES into TEXAS, which she erected into a department, corresponding to one of our states. To promote emigration she gave large grants of land, and guaranteed to all settlers a republican form of government, under the constitution of 1824—a constitution in many respects assimilating to our own. There thus existed between the emigrants and the government a solemn contract, in which the consideration, on one side, was a republican form of government; in the other, adherence to that government while in that form. But

the constitution of 1824 was destroyed by military usurpation, and a yoke imposed upon the shoulders of the Mexican people. The contract between the settlers in TEXAS and the Mexican government, was broken by the new government of the latter. The former resisted this unjust encroachment, but failing in bringing MEXICO to a sense of the sacredness of her voluntary obligations, flew to arms, and declared their independence. They made their declaration good, and for nine years defied the power of MEXICO, who merely carried on a paper war, after one decisive defeat. So apparent was their independence that the UNITED STATES first, and then the leading commercial powers of EUROPE, acknowledged it. Indeed, MEXICO of late was willing to acknowledge, provided TEXAS would refuse to relinquish it. So that the independence *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, of TEXAS, is sufficiently plain.

What, then, becomes of the iniquity of the transaction by which TEXAS makes herself a part of the American Union? One independent nation agrees to enter into a confederacy with twenty-eight other free and sovereign states, who have united themselves for the purposes of mutual defence and protection. The right of the parties to make this contract is unquestionable. The rules which guide the intercourse of nations afford no ground of objection, by any other government. Indeed, the LIVERPOOL MAIL, one of the noisiest and most silly of the English papers, one who denounces the transaction unsparingly, admits the right in these words:—

“For instance: the people and territory of Belgium were incorporated with the kingdom of Holland, by the great treaty of Vienna, concluded at the termination of the French war. Under this treaty King William was recognized as the sovereign of the United Netherlands. In 1830, however, or thereabouts, the people of Belgium revolted, and raised the standard of independence. This independence was instantly recognized by France, then, also, in a transition and revolutionary state. It was nearly at the same time recognised by the government of England, then in the hands of the whigs.

“Now, it strikes us that Texas, in 1845, is precisely in the position that Belgium was in 1830. The former is, at this moment, as the latter was fifteen years ago—a revolted province. Mexico, the mother country, has not yet consented to the separation. Holland, the mother country in the other case, had not assented to the separation, when the independence of Belgium was recognised by England and France. What these two last named powers did for Belgium, they have also done for Texas. They have *de facto* recognised the independence of the latter.”

Here, the matter is yielded—but not so conclusively, as in the following paragraph.

“Let us, then, pursue the parallel a little farther. Suppose, for instance, that Belgium, having shaken off the Dutch yoke, had proposed to incorporate herself with, and annex herself to, her powerful neighbor, France. Would England, or any of the monarchies of Europe, have sanctioned that alliance! Would they have allowed France to increase her power, and extend her dominion by a peaceful compact, after all the money that had been spent, and the blood shed, and the desolation, ruin, and wo inflicted upon the human race, for the sole object of checking the ambition of Napoleon, confining France within her legitimate limits, and securing for her a firm, safe, and constitutional government? It is not probable. It would have been an act of suicide. It would have made their professions of twenty years a mere mockery, and their principles the essence of hypocrisy and fraud.”

Now, it will be seen, that the writer does not question the *right* of FRANCE and BELGIUM to form this alliance; but merely lays down as a

fact that the other powers would not permit it. The right is unquestionable. He then argues that the case of TEXAS is precisely parallel, and recommends that ENGLAND should prevent the consummation of annexation, a deed which she can attempt when she likes,—if she desires to be well punished.

The next point worthy of note is the utter falsity of many of the statements made by the English press, and the total ignorance they display, in regard to everything connected with this country. A few extracts, with brief comments, will teach our readers the character of the English people—for the press may be said, in some measure, to represent them, as we have previously remarked,—and will show to what depth of unhappy depravity and moral degradation the British people have sunk within the last few years.

“Henceforward, the passion which has been roused, principally for the purpose of an unprincipled party, must at all hazards be satisfied. Men like Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Polk, who subsist by stimulating and serving that passion, are the successful rivals of men like Mr. Webster or Mr. Clay, who aspire to the noble task of controlling it. The same spirit is not altogether wanting in other free countries; in England it has one representative, in France it has many; but these are men thrown into opposition by the loss of the confidence of their sovereigns and their countrymen, whilst the government steadily pursues an opposite course. In the United States, on the contrary, the ascendancy of the restless, unscrupulous party of the democracy is complete; and with such men in power, directing the passions of the people to aggression on foreign States, no limits can be assigned to the wanton excesses which may be anticipated from such a government.”—*London Times*.

That the LONDON TIMES, the bought and paid organ of the Tory faction, should dislike the Democratic party of this country; and that it should denounce Mr. CALHOUN and the PRESIDENT, for obeying the will of the people, while it lauds MESSRS. WEBSTER and H. CLAY for endeavoring to bend popular opinion to their own base purposes, is no source of surprise to us. But, to assert that the administration in power is “directing the passions of the people to aggression on foreign states,” is to make an assertion infamous from its unfounded falsehood. Mr. POLK has done his duty by ordering the troops of the nation to a part of our border where invasion is threatened by a gasconading foe—a foe whose repeated injuries, from compassion to her weakness, we have refrained, hitherto, from chastising; but this is his sworn constitutional duty as the first Executive officer of this Republic. He has merely done his duty—and the promptness with which it has been done meets with the approbation of the patriotic of all political parties. In what instance he, or his cabinet, has endeavored to incite the passions of our people to foreign spoliation, it would perplex the editor of the TIMES to discover.

“The deed has been done, too, it would appear, against the voice and wishes of the American Congress. That body specified certain conditions of union, which, if not sufficient, or not accepted by Texas, the President was free to appoint commissioners to negotiate. Mr. Donelson, the United States Envoy, sets aside the latter expedient as too tardy, and presses the Texan Government to accept conditions as laid down by Congress, in the assurance that the objections will be removed and the errors corrected by the influence of the American Government. In fact, the conditions of the Texan annexation are secret. President Polk will see them fulfilled, whilst the opposition in the American Senate will find it too late to recall, to remonstrate, or to rescind.”—*London Morning Chronicle*.

We are at some loss to know whether the falsehoods in the preceding extract arose from a design to lie, or a profound ignorance, on the part of the editor of the *CHRONICLE*. We rather incline to think the former; because it is the interest of the admirers of monarchy, to represent continual breaches of law in this country, by the various branches of the government as well as the people. The editor, no doubt, knew that Congress allowed the *PRESIDENT* the choice of two alternatives, viz. : either to choose and sanction the joint resolution of annexation, or enter into a treaty. Mr. TYLER, then the Chief Magistrate, chose the former, and despatched Mr. DONELSON, with it, to the Texan seat of government. He had an undoubted right to act as he did; and his action, by the terms of the bill, was decisive. It settled the question; and it could not be reversed by Mr. POLK on his accession, even if he desired, which he did not. As to any promises made by Mr. DONELSON, they merely amount to this:—he expressed full confidence that the American government will not suffer TEXAS to be a loser, because of the incomplete nature in detail, of the joint resolutions. We have that full confidence ourselves. But Mr. POLK has not invaded the province of Congress—he could not. His powers and duties, as well as those of every branch and every officer of the government, are strictly defined, and he will not overstep them. He has not. He could not, if he would—for here the maxim—“The king can do no wrong”—does not prevail, and the acts of the Executive, if beyond the line of his duty, are void and of no effect, officially. All this the editor of the *CHRONICLE* knew; but he must present his readers with some token of anarchy in our government—some usurpation, by one of its branches, of the functions of another—some proof that the system does not work with facility. This opportunity to twist simple facts into ingenious lies, could not be overlooked.

The *LONDON STANDARD* has its “talk” to utter on the subject—and a very droll “talk” it is; for a more stupid, lying, insane piece of twattle was never put together. It informs its readers that—

“Hitherto the republic has subsisted because of its local separation from all powerful states; for though the British colonies touch its northern boundary, Great Britain has no motive and but little opportunity for engaging, *cum toto corpore regni*, with the republic: the defence of its colonies is all that its hostility with the States has ever contemplated, and for that defence a casual and comparatively trifling effort has always been found sufficient.”

For this magnanimity on the part of GREAT BRITAIN we are duly grateful, of course; but the “casual and comparatively trifling effort” of which the *STANDARD* speaks, which developed itself in two wars, cost thousands of lives and millions of pounds sterling to the British government, and crippled her extensive commerce.

But the *STANDARD* then goes on, in a strain of moral reflections and feeling delightful to read, as follows:—

“We should regret more than we do the certain doom of the United States, thus madly precipitated by its own acts, if the moral improvement of the population of the great commonwealth had advanced with the extension of that population or with the progress that it has made over the surface of the earth. Such, however, has not been

the case. The most devoted patriot of the republic will scarcely venture to assert that such has been the case—that the present generation is more intelligent, more honorable, or more honest than that which went before it—than the generation to which the commonwealth owes its independence. It were invidious to compare the intelligence, the honor, and honesty of the present United States generation with those of its British, German, or French contemporaries. Nothing can be more certain than the extraordinary moral advancement of the population of the old world during the last 50 or 60 years. Has there not been a corresponding retrogradation in the United States? Now, should this be the case, as we acknowledge with pain that it is, the interest of mankind will suffer nothing by the dissolution of a system so little favorable to the moral elevation of our race; and therefore we can contemplate with indifference, at least, that breaking up of the commonwealth, of which the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war are so obviously the commencement. The unwieldy extent of the commonwealth, as it appears upon the map, held in security only as is manifest by the equipoise of its extremities, would hardly seem to bear an addition to disturb its equilibrium, and this geographical intimation of insecurity, whatever it may be considered worth by itself, is more than confirmed by the moral state of the vast extent of country concerned. There exists in the United States as great a variety of manners and pursuits, as striking a contrast of opinion, and as violent an opposition of interests as can be found in the different states of Europe. With us of the old world these elements of discord are held down to the quiet condition of grounds of political separation only, because each state being represented by its own government, indulges in its own habits and manners, maintains its own opinions, and prosecutes its own interests unmolested and unmolesting. With the restraints we have, we still see enough of the effect of the elements of discord to be able to guess how they work, freed from all restraints, as they must be in an extensive and heterogeneous republic, in which each division would be engaged in a constant struggle to make every other division subservient to its own interests or opinions. This is the actual condition of the great American commonwealth which has hitherto stuck together solely from a *vis inertiae*, in the absence of the opportunity for separation supplied by some violent exertion."

We have given this long, and amusing extract, not from any consequence which the opinions of the STANDARD—a fourth-rate newspaper—might be supposed to have, but to show the utter mendacity which is the characteristic of the English press. That the population of continental EUROPE has improved—nay, even that of ENGLAND—for the last few years, none will deny; but what is the source of that improvement. Morally and politically, it all results from the example of the UNITED STATES. The masses of EUROPE beheld a nation rising suddenly in the West—they saw the increase in power, prosperity, and the happiness of the people—they saw by the evidence of her re-published state documents, and by the fear and hatred with which their various governments regarded her, that the great theory of self-government had been reduced to successful practice. They began thus to know and assert their rights—and from the period of the first French Revolution to the present time the world has witnessed a continual gaining, from terrified rulers, of right by right, on the part of the people. With each of these grants came an elevated feeling, a higher moral tone on the part of the masses. So it will continue to be, until before a century shall have past, the people of the eastern hemisphere will feel themselves competent for self-government, and will have taken the power from their self-constituted rulers' hands into their own. Whence arose the three days of JULY—the popular institutions of FRANCE—the more general religious toleration in EUROPE—the Reform Bill—the Catholic emancipation? From the example of this government—the civil and religious liberty which it maintained. And no better evidence of the moral character of our

people is to be found than the continued existence and prosperity of our government. A representative government like ours, could not be established at the present time in EUROPE, without endangering the peace of the nation which adopted it. And why? Simply because the moral character of the people abroad is of too low a standard. They have not the habits or feelings of voluntary obedience to law, which is the grand secret of our preservation. Law, with them, is a thing to be evaded, not obeyed. They are—with some few exceptions—without education, and without principle. They have improved; but are yet degraded.

It is true that we shall be met by the stale and lying cry of "repudiation." But where, and how, and why is this repudiation? A single state refuses to pay what she considers an unjust debt—and two or three others, involved in difficulties, were unable to pay interest on loans—an interest which, by a well directed effort, they are now enabled to pay. The remainder of the states pay every claim against them at its maturity—and the credit of the general government has never been impeached. A cry on this ground comes with ill sound from a nation whose well born citizens are continually being proclaimed outlaws, from a refusal to pay just indebtedness—whose nobles plead their privilege of nobility to avoid their responsibilities—and who has been guilty of wholesale repudiation in lowering the interest of her public debt. That the morality of the people in ENGLAND is at its lowest ebb. it is not necessary to prove by the lawless acts, recorded by the English papers, of the common people. Take up "HANSARD'S Parliamentary Debates;" read the evidence before committees of the House of Commons, concerning the Factory and Mining systems, and the bribery and corruption at elections; and an extent of moral degradation and utter depravity, is developed, which shocks the mind of every reader. There we find that thousands of white slaves live and die in utter ignorance of law and morality, and of the very existence of a God—that beings, who call themselves men, are driven, like cattle to the market, to the polls, to deposite their votes at the dictation of their drivers, or baser still, sell their votes, their consciences, their very souls, to the highest bidder. Look at their Established Church—its ministers, violating every law, human and divine—living in open adultery, and throwing scandal around that religion which they are paid to minister. Look at the corruption of their court, where the basest crimes are suffered to pass unchecked. Look at all these, and more—and say if the people of ENGLAND are fit to be moral censors to us, or to any nation in the world.

The STANDARD, and other papers, insist on our speedy downfall from the extension of our territory, and the diversity of interests comprised within our borders. This has been the cant cry ever since the Republic was born. Our downfall was predicted at our birth, and with variations to suit the times, the cry has been kept up, ever since. In the teeth of this we have gone on, progressing in prosperity, and power, as we shall continue to progress. So long as we possess that diversity of interest and opinion we shall continue to exist, and the extension of territory, by raising new states of different character and interest, preserves the cause of our existence. Unlike the sovereign

states of EUROPE, an internal free trade and unreserved intercourse cements us into one people. Go where you will, and you find the citizens of another part of the union on a visit for pleasure or business. The citizen of each state, proud of his state government, feels equally proud that he is an American, and pays willingly his double debt of fealty to both state and national governments. In the conduct of both he feels that he has a voice. Each is his own—he has a share in each—and he is early taught a lesson, never forgotten, to bow to the majority. Elements of discord, which would rack European monarchies to pieces, become harmless here. The union, apparently convulsed by the agitation of a great political or constitutional question, when the question has been settled, settles with it to a calm, and noisy disputants seek for some new subject of discussion. Our people never think of conspiring against the government, because if governmental action does not please them, they can change it at the first of the frequent elections. If they dispute about constitutional matters, a decision from the highest legal authority is sufficient, because they have been taught to bow to such a tribunal. It is true, that in our large cities, and in wild districts, riots and opposition to the authorities occasionally arise. But they are always put down—for all good citizens are interested in the supremacy of the laws—laws of their own creation—and frown down what they justly consider, being electors of the law-makers, as insults to themselves. There is no country so emphatically a government of law, as that where the people make the law themselves, through their representatives.

After all, the whole of this hue and cry arises from the fact that GREAT BRITAIN has made interference where she had no right to interfere, and has been signally foiled. The presses of GREAT BRITAIN are sensitively awake to the silly position their government occupies, and cry like whipped hounds, because they feel the lash. Hence, they loudly recommend the further and open action of their government to prevent annexation, and to force TEXAS to remain independent in despite of herself. They know, the cunning rascals, that their weak and imbecile rulers dare not assume this position; but it serves them for a theme around which to group their empty vauntings. Let them rail on—it can be endured, because it is idle, mere empty air, and of no account.

That the English papers should entertain hope of traitorous aid from the anti-annexationists in case of a war, is not wonderful, when we consider the language set forth in some of our own newspapers. The abolition prints—and a few of the Whig also—hold language the most treasonable to this country. Nay—one paper, assuming to be democratic, has given this opinion countenance. The MORNING NEWS—a journal published in NEW YORK, speaking of an offensive war against MEXICO, as being desired by our people, if we have war at all, in order to abridge the contest, says:—

“Be it so, if so it must. Be the sin and the shame, be the crime and the disgrace, —whatever of either there may be—on the heads where they may belong.—We wash our hands of the blood—our skirts of the stain. If such a war is to come, we shall sing no pæans to its heroes, no *Te-Deums* for its victories—we shall covet none of its laurels. Mexico has been hardly dealt with in the whole business—dealt with as ill beseems a noble and powerful nation dealing with a mean and impotent one.”

But this language finds no response in the breasts of the American people. On this Texas question, as on all others where the honor and interest of the country is assailed, they are ready to sustain the Administration which maintains and enforces the rights and dignity of our country. The nations abroad have yet to learn, and if they desire it, the lesson will be taught them, that whatever be our differences of opinion, we are as one man when the drum-beat of a foreign foe sounds at our borders. Discord vanishes at the approach of our enemies, and we feel ourselves, purely and truly, Americans, of one country, one heritage, and one destiny.

ART. II.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHY spend ye your shillings to look at a play,
On the stage of a theatre, lovers of mummerly ?
Get you an order, come with us to-day ;

We will show you a drama of incident summary.
Our theatre now is the yard of a prison—
'Tis built in a fashion sublime and most glorious—
Old THESPIA, the droll, from his grave has arisen,
And hangmen and clergy o'er sense are victorious.

"
The felon you see, is the leading tragedian ;
JACK KETCH executes his allotment completely ;
The priest with his book is the prime low comedian ;
The sheriff does up the light comedy neatly.
Supernumary actors have not been neglected,
Two dozen are found of great worth and ability ;
And the drama, from tomes of like nature selected,
Combines rarest fun with the purest utility.

"
The words of the author are chaste and pathetic,
From the prayer of the priest to the man's last confession—
'Twould waken a thrill in a sour, old ascetic,
Or make, on the breast of a demon, impression.
The play, to be sure, is an old-fashioned mystery—
Trite, in its incident, plot and its plan—
But 'tis laid on a common occurrence in history ;
And the drop of its curtain is the drop of a man.

"
To tell you its mingling of fun and of pathos,
Would leave you no chance to behold it with glee ;
The despair of the felon, the clergyman's bathos,
I leave for yourself—get an order and see.
But never spend money a play to enjoy,
When for nothing the state has provided a right ;
In SPAIN the authorities bull-fights employ,
For the people—we YANKEES in hanging delight.

ART. III.—LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

LEAF III.

PASSENGERS—DESCRIPTION OF SOUTHERN SKIES—THE BAHAMAS—
COLUMBUS AND THE BIRD—SHIP AND STEAMER—BOTH
COQUETTES AND RIVALS.

IN the cabin there is but one other passenger beside myself. In the steerage are three Frenchmen, an old man from TOULON, who speaks English tolerably well—a young man from ROUEN, who does not speak English, but whom I am endeavoring to teach, he in return teaching me to speak French—and a soldier of NAPOLEON, from STRASBURG, or the neighborhood. I have frequent conversations with these men, knowing enough of French to procure what information they can communicate. And I find them very willing to satisfy me, being not reluctant to enter into conversation. They speak with the usual French volubility, (so that it is difficult for me to follow them,) and use the national excess of gesticulation. The French soldier tells me he served in the cavalry in SPAIN under SOULT, and was at the battle of SALAMANCA and VICTORIA. Speaking of “Le petit Corporal,” a mournful expression filled his countenance, and BUONAPARTE’S career was referred to in terms of sorrowful recollection. Very different from the terms of exultation in which NAPOLEON promised his soldiers, before the battle of BORODINO, they should in after times speak of their having also been in “that great battle fought under the walls of Moscow.” Miserable and fatal deception! by which he attempted to build his power upon the ruin of brave, but betrayed men. This poor soldier seems to have found, though late, the illusion and vanity of his former hopes—and

“False the light on glory’s plume
As fading shades of even—”

He had encountered the Scotch Grays and Enniskillen Dragoons—and often met the Scotch Highlanders whom he called *les sans culottes Ecosses*. There still remains in his countenance an expression, as it were, of quenched enthusiasm, and fire which has burned out or been suddenly extinguished.

This evening, immediately after sunset, the western horizon presented a beautiful appearance, something similar to the description given of the West India mirage. The sky around, when the sun had set, was of burnished gold colour, and on this ground reposed numbers of bluish gray clouds perfectly motionless. These had the appearance of forest trees, and the whole looked like beautiful groves planted on a golden prairie. The clouds ran along the horizon in such straight lines that the fancy at once converted them into hedges running parallel with each other, and surrounding the clumps of trees and bushes which seemed to be scattered in graceful irregularity over the golden landscape. Probably this was the real EL DORADO, of poor RALEIGH. Sometimes the imagination could shift the scene, and you might fancy a great river had burst its banks, and rushed, in a broad stream of liquid gold, through the neighboring groves and forests.

The scene continued unchanged and unruffled, until the sun had descended so far below the horizon as to ungild the splendor of the sky, and the shades of night rendered dim and impalpable the sylvan clouds; when, the bright and beautiful picture faded and disappeared, like the sanguine hopes and ambitious aspirations of man.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31.—To-day and yesterday adverse winds, which makes our course nearly due west, towards the Gulf Stream and American coast in about 26 degs. N. latitude—3 degs. farther S. than NEW ORLEANS. The sky is clear, and the sun, though hot, not at all oppressive, and the seabreeze is delightful. Considering that we are within $3\frac{1}{2}$ degs. of the torrid zone, the weather is cool and pleasant. Our consort ship is still in sight, though we keep ahead of her. She hoisted nothing but the stars and stripes in answer to our flag, on which an immense man's *hand* is embroidered. This line of NEW ORLEANS packets is owned by Captain HAND, of PHILADELPHIA, and the flags of all his ships—which are very numerous throughout different parts of the Union—have this *hand*, which, when hoisted, indicates the line and its owner, as well as answering the purposes of a friendly salute—the right *hand* of friendship being offered to friends, and the strong *hand* of resistance and defiance being raised to enemies. It admits of many other emblematical applications, and is altogether a most excellent flag.

The BAHAMA ISLANDS are not far off. The HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, in the Island of ABACO, is the point at which we are arriving now. It is the point to which all vessels from the North, bound to the WEST INDIES and the Gulf of MEXICO, direct their course. Vessels in returning North keep in towards the American coast, in order to avail themselves of the Gulf Stream, which aids them three or four miles per hour.

I have not seen one of our old friends and pursuivants, "Mother CAREY's Chickens," for several days. I do not know the reason, for they are found at any distance from the land. It is difficult to say how these little creatures can exist without rest, being constantly flying, except when they dip their feet or wings for a moment in the water, unless we should suppose that they can sleep while on the wing. I believe there is no living creature known to naturalists that can dispense with sleep.

With what different feelings from our listlessness, did COLUMBUS, for the first time, some three hundred and fifty years ago, navigate this, then virgin, ocean, a few degrees south of us. The bird that came on board his ship was a matter of vital interest to him, as indicating his propinquity to land. A little yellow-breasted bird which has just visited us, excites no attention from the sailors. Yet you shall not be without a welcome, for you seem to be exhausted with a long flight over the ocean, and gladly do you rest your weary wings on our deck. Whence did you come? Was it from the palmy groves of ABACO or ELEUTHERA's rocky shores? Mayhap from ST. SALVADOR itself, which COLUMBUS first saw? Why did you leave your safe and sheltered nest to tempt the treacherous element, on whose stormy bosom your small and feeble form was unfit to repose? Did the pitiless tempest drive you from your summer home, far over the sea, and were you unable to regain it? Or camest thou to tell us

that thy pleasant isle was nigh, and that there we would be welcomed by the hand of friendship and hospitality? It was one of thy race, and from these very isles, that gave the first welcome to the white man in the new world. Come, then, and we will bear thee back to the quiet groves of ABACO—but let experience teach thee it is dangerous to fly far from thy tranquil home, to encounter tides and storms.

But what kind of a creature is this ship on which we all depend for our lives? She is one of the most lively and vain mermaids that journeys through the southern waters. She is fond of coquetting with the boisterous *ÆOLUS*,—and *BOREAS* is now one of her favorite beaux. Nothing gratifies her more, nor does she even look so handsome, as when this favourite, with his powerful blasts, fills her expanded flounces. For then she becomes suddenly animated, and runs off before him, with speed only less than his own. To be sure, like other coquettes, she only flies for the sake of being pursued, and should "*rude BOREAS cease*" she would soon stop. She loves to be wooed in the Petruchio style, by a bold and irresistible lover, for she will, (like other maids,) "*despise a sighing swain;*" and, poor thing! these last are almost the only kind who have paid her any court for some days. This *NOTUS*, who has been very particular in his attention to her, is a poor, dying, sighing creature, rather hot to be sure, but indolent. She tells him that he may give over his suit for the present, but that if he has patience until she is returning North again, from her journey to the Mexican Gulf, she will perhaps smile upon him, if she can do no better. Like all other flirts, she is the laziest and most good-for-nothing creature in the world when not excited by some bold admirer. She wears a pair of costly breast-pins, shaped like anchors, fastened with chains, and is fond of dress, and catches the lighter sparks by spreading out large fashionable sleeves, which she calls studding-sails. She is very extravagant in her dress, on account of the light airy company which she keeps, and thinks nothing of calling on her guardian to pay one hundred dollars for a single slip, or pair of stays, to say nothing of the quantity of lace, cord, chains, &c., which she uses. Yet, with all her faults, she is the most agreeable and comely creature imaginable, if she only has her humor, which she never has unless, as I have already said, wooed by a bold suitor.

She hates her great rival, who is both a water and a fire nymph—for this beauty, who has but lately come out, threatens to supplant her in the good graces of men. Her name is *STEAMSHIP*, and she scorns to associate with the flaunting, windy suitors in whom our nymph delights. This rising belle is proud and self-sufficient, and has resisted and rejected the most arduous addresses of *BOREAS*. She cares little for dress, and prefers inward beauty and the graces of the mind to the gay trappings of outward show. Notwithstanding this apparent simplicity of character, she is a most fiery creature, and has very violent and ungovernable passions. She sometimes gives vent to them in the most destructive way; and I have known her actually to burst her very soul with fury, when her passions became too strong to be restrained. When a fit of hysterics is on her, wo betide the miserable creatures who come near her: the most miserable death awaits them. She is, however, a noble being when properly bridled, and a

dangerous rival on the waters to our own nymph, who will, however, always attract numerous admirers. This fiery creature has no difficulty in making her way right in the teeth of wind, tide, and stream; a thing beyond the talents of a mere water-nymph. For this reason the Indians aptly call her by another name, viz., "WALK-IN-THE-WATER." Sometimes, when under heavy pressure, she pants like some great monster of the deep; and often, when she stops her career, she neighs and snorts like a war-horse.

She is a truly formidable rival. But she is even more extravagant than our own favorite. For her appetite for fire—strange to say—is so voracious that she thinks nothing of swallowing many tons of coal in a day, and so hot is her temperament that she drinks nothing but scalding water. To be sure she spends but little on mere outward dress, though she always maintains a respectable appearance, but it is her unparalleled voracity as I said, of which just complaint is made; and indeed there is no doubt but that this unfortunate vice prevents her from raising herself to that distinction, which her other good qualities would entitle her to attain. Some physicians have thought this ravenous appetite was not incurable, and one Dr. NOTT has lately asserted that he has discovered the cure. I am afraid, however, that this appetite for fire will be as difficult, effectually to heal, as its kindred disease, which so inveterately affected the old Irish fire-eaters.

LEAF IV.

LAND—PLANE SAILING—WRECK OF THE SALDANAH FRIGATE.

SEPTEMBER 1.—This morning land was announced a-head. I ascended the rigging and saw a number of headlands, or small islands, as they seemed, extending about 45 degs. around the horizon, in a S. W. direction. Of course they are the Bahama Isles, but whether the headlands of the large Island of ABACO, or a number of smaller ones farther west, I do not know. Being hauled close on the wind, which is still S., we could not weather them on that tack, so we have gone on the other, and are now beating eastward to get to windward of them.

2 o'clock.—We still continue to tack occasionally to get round the islands, but the wind is very adverse, and perhaps a current is against us. In tacking just now, a carpenter's *plane* was accidentally thrown overboard, and it floated off a-stern of the ship. The captain was angry at the negligence that permitted the *plane* to go overboard, and the *boom* of a guard to do the same. I endeavored to appease him without success, by reminding him that there was no great difficulty about the matter, as it was nothing but *booming* along in *plain* sailing.

The little yellow-bird that came aboard of us some days ago, is still hopping about the deck, picking crumbs, and seems quite reconciled to its situation. I have been advising it to make the best of its way towards the island, now in sight, but it seems reluctant to leave us.

Mr. ———, the second-mate, tells me that he was on board of a vessel captured by the British frigate SALDANAH, a few days before the loss of that frigate. The account of the loss of the SALDANAH, on SUILLY ROCK, near the mouth of LOUGH SUILLY, is as fresh in my recollection as anything that occurred during my childhood. Often when looking from — HILL, on the beautiful waters of LOUGH

SUILLY, and the blue mountains of INNISHOWEN, have I listened to the horrible narrative of the wreck of the SALDANHAH, embellished by a hundred heart-rending particulars. This fine frigate had been captured from the French by the British, and the command of her given to Captain PACKENHAM, brother of General PACKENHAM, who was killed at the battle of NEW ORLEANS, in 1815, and brother-in-law to the Duke of WELLINGTON. He is represented, by the popular account, to have possessed all the pride and aristocratic feelings of the high families with whom he was connected, with a strong infusion of obstinate daring and blasphemous recklessness. The SALDANHAH sailed from CORK, in company with another ship of war, and had proceeded along the north coast of IRELAND, when, towards evening, a terrible storm overtook them. At parting from her consort, the commander of the latter expressed his determination to keep out to sea and weather the storm, where there was sea room, and advised PACKENHAM to do the same, but he, with obstinate profanity—as the account went—and a dreadful oath, replied, that “he would that night either make BURNCRANAGH or HELL.” The consort kept to sea, with difficulty weathering the North Capes of IRELAND, and escaped. But the SALDANHAH, attempting to run into BURNCRANAGH before as terrible a hurricane as ever had been known to visit that tempestuous coast, in a night, too, when the blackness of the darkness was only exceeded by the tumult of the elements, struck on SUILLY ROCK, which lies a little beneath the surface of the water, inside the entrance of the LOUGH, and every soul on board perished, including several ladies of distinguished rank and beauty. Captain PACKENHAM’s body was found next morning on the shore, dressed in his night-gown. Many other bodies were afterwards found, either vomited up by the waters or mangled in the stomachs of ravenous fish, caught in the LOUGH. I recollected hearing a wild and rude song, which gave an account of the discovery of the body of one of the ladies, who perished on board—with her diamond rings, &c.

I recollect, too, the fatal spot being pointed out to me where the frigate struck. The rock is sometimes bare at very low tide, and I was told that her ribs may still be seen at that time, where she has become fixed to the rock. A hundred stories are told by the superstitious inhabitants of the neighborhood, the wild districts of INNISHOWEN and ROSSAS. It is said that when a northern storm drives the mighty surges of the ATLANTIC into the LOUGH, shrieks are heard issuing from SUILLY ROCK, which resound and re-echo along the rough black sides of the impending mountains; and that when the lightning gleams for an instant on the breakers around the rock, fiend-like spectres have been seen amidst the hurricane, dancing and playing their hellish gambols, and performing their infernal orgies over the spot where death made so horrible a repast. On these occasions, too, the tremendous roar of DOE HOLE, on the neighboring coast of FANNET, or, as it is sometimes called, McSWINE’S GUN, is said to become louder and more terrific than usual, so that the rude inhabitants of the mud cottages, with which these mountains are studded, crowd together in terror around their peat fires, and cross themselves and pray all night.

By-the-by, our friend ———, the second-mate, is a kind of naval DALGETTY, and has been in almost as many different services, and met

with as many adventures. He is of Scotch descent, too. He was on board an American privateer during the last war; and since, fought under the Buenos Ayrean commodore, BROWN, the Irishman. After finishing his term with him, and being taken prisoner, he served against BROWN. He has been in the prisons of DARTMOUTH, HAVANA, and LISBON, from the latter of which he escaped Dalgetty-like. He was wrecked in the Texan sloop-of-war SAN PHILIP, after fighting a Mexican vessel, and I would not be surprised to hear of his joining the Mexican navy soon.

ART. IV.—THE PARTING.

TAKE back the token,
The words have been spoken,
The cord and the chain
Have been severed in twain,
So that never again
May we bind up the links that are broken.

“
Quench the last ember,
Nor ever remember
The heart tempest-tost,
Nor the love thou hast lost,
Nor the tears that it cost,
Nor the life which has reached its DECEMBER.

“
Now and forever
Our spirits must sever,
Must sever, and yet
Can we ever forget
Our delight when we met?
By the wo of our memory never!

ART. V.—MY CHILD.

MY little child is dead and gone,
And I am left alone.
He came to me, and smiled;
Then died—my little child.

“
I watched his bed the night so drear,
Nor shed a single tear.
I sat and tended him, in vain;
I could not ease his pain.

“
When dawned the dark and stormy day,
His spirit left the clay.
By loving angels hence beguiled,
He died—my little child.

ART. VI.—SHEW, ON THE WATER-CURE.(a)



THE medical world is nothing but a barrel of squibs; and, upon the least touch of inflammable matter, goes off into a popping and fizzing, alarming to the nerves of the valetudinarians. Or, to change the metaphor, it may be likened to a tilting-ground, wherein the combatants, armed with pestle-lances, mortar-helmets and pill-box shields, mount their jaded steeds, and do execution upon each other, and—their patients. At one time we have the allopathists and the homœopathists—the men of big doses and little doses—charging each other with a ferocity which makes the sick man shudder. At another, the “botanicals”—the gentlemen who follow the “Ingen yarb” plan—challenge the rest to mortal combat. Scarcely have we recovered from our feelings of mingled terror and wonder, before the disciples of PRIESTNITZ, headed by the renowned Dr. SHEW—each armed with a hose-pipe, from which the Croton spurts in a clear and continual stream, appear upon the saw-dust. So now the public have a fair choice of three systems—besides a *dernier resort* in the mode of the dear, defunct SAMMY THOMPSON, which is not a system, but a “course.” They can choose for themselves. They can be poisoned with big doses of nasty drugs—they can die, under the disease, while swallowing infinitesimal doses of nothing, whittled down to a point—or, they can be forced into internal congestion and ultimate death, by being flooded with water, like cellars in the city of GOTHAM after a heavy rain, and then forced to swim in the aqueous liquid, like young ducks. If insensible to the merits of either of these, they can be steamed to death with a hot bath, or have themselves turned inside out, like an old stocking, by the gentle persuasion of a saturated tincture of Lobelia. Patients have a choice of deaths. They can die vulgarly, or die *secundum artem*. If not satisfied to die, they can live—if the doctors will let them. The book before us recommends one of these modes of “shuffling off our mortal coil;” and before we proceed to examine it, we intend to give a slight history of the rise and progress of that which it attempts to elucidate and defend.

The application of water as a medical agent is of great antiquity, HIPPOCRATES, GALEN and CELSUS, used water frequently as a medicine, both externally and internally. BOERHAVE, HOFFMAN, HUF-

(a) “Hydrotherapy, or the Water-Cure: Its Principles, Modes of Treatment, &c. Illustrated with many cases. Compiled chiefly from the most eminent authors on the subject. By Joel Shew, M. D. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.” 12mo. pp. 360.

LAND, HAHN and CURRIE, were the advocates for the use of water, in many inflammatory diseases; and ablution, local or general, as well as copious draughts of pure water, is a common part of the practice of our modern physicians. But the individual to whom we must assign the distinction of using it as a panacea, is VINCENT PRIESTNITZ, an illiterate and vulgar German peasant, born in GRAEFENBERG, about two miles from FREIWALDAU, in Austrian SILESIA.

His account of his first discovery, as he calls it, of the effects of water, is, that in the year 1816, he crushed one of his fingers, and plunging the injured member into water until it ceased bleeding, felt the coolness to be agreeable. He continued to apply water until the finger was completely healed. Thus much would be nothing remarkable; but he tells us that three years afterwards, having had his ribs broken on one side by a loaded wagon, the physician—who by this, and what follows, must have been an ass—declared the accident without remedy, that lumps would form and continue through life, and thereupon prescribed some herbs, a decoction of which, in wine, was to be laid upon the injured parts. This Sammy Thompson-like treatment gave the patient considerable pain, and he rejected it, using swathings of cold water instead. To replace the broken limbs, he made use of a treatment rather novel, and we should say, painful. "He stretched himself," says Dr. SHEW, "with the abdomen over the edge of a chair, thus leaving the upper part of the body free; and then, by repeatedly holding in the breath, he was able to extend the ribs towards their natural position. He persevered in this way, and with the wet sheets, and in a few days, without having any wound fever, he was able to walk, and finally effected a perfect cure." A well-informed physician would have effected the replacement without all the trouble and necessary pain of such a treatment. Dr. SHEW quotes it, with evident admiration, and we have no doubt, if he ever catches any unlucky wretch with broken ribs, follows it to the letter, and doubles his unfortunate victim over the back of a chair, as a man, on going to bed, would his trousers:

PRIESTNITZ, having now acquired all he wanted, or as Dr. SHEW has it, "having thus gained a little experience," began to practice medicine, and acting on the credulity of his neighbors, his fame spread abroad. A great many patients came, a few of whom were bettered or cured, by the change of location, and the pure mountain air; and as those injured or killed were never numbered, the fame of the water-doctor became general. Government was invoked to stop this novel practice, but a commission having found his house to be located in a healthy spot, where there was fine air and pure water, wisely concluded to let him alone. The attempt to suppress his operations spread his reputation; and in 1841, Captain CLARIDGE informs us, there were under his "treatment" an archduchess, ten princes and princesses, at least one hundred counts and barons, military men of all grades, several medical men, professors, advocates, &c., in all about five hundred,—including, no doubt, a sufficiency of "rag-tag and bob-tail."

For the first few years of his public practice, the number of his patients were not considerable. During the year 1829, the number was only 45; while during 1840, it had risen to 1576. In ten years the

numbers treated amounted to 7600, of which Captain CLARIDGE informs us he only lost 36; though, as we write the assertion, we find our unemployed fore-finger seeking the sinister side of our nose. Since 1840, the numbers have lessened, not only from the introduction of the system elsewhere, but because of the late exposures in the foreign journals, of the many instances of fatal effects of the system.

By his practice, PRIESTNITZ has accumulated, in a few years, the sum of over one hundred thousand pounds sterling, or about half a million dollars; but has good sense enough to avoid a society for which by his vulgarity and illiteracy, he is so unfit.

The book opens, like the advertisement of a quack medicine, with a list of cures performed under the new system, and these fill two long chapters. The number of cases is over eighty. The time employed in a cure is not given in eighteen of these cases; but, in thirty-six cases, where it is given, the shortest time was two and a half, and the longest forty-five months. Of these latter, there were thirteen, in each of which, the book informs us, the patients had not recovered, although they had been under treatment, one, for two and a half—one, for three—one, for four—one, for seven—three, for eight—two, for twelve—one, for twenty—and one, for forty-five months. The average time of treatment, in the cases we have mentioned, was nine months and eleven days. This is an abstract of the cases mentioned by the book itself, and it strikes us, that it must be very tedious to undergo the treatment of the water-cure, to say nothing of the risk of congestion of the viscera, from the constant external application of cold. One case, of Nervous debility, joined with Indigestion and Hypochondriasis, required to be soured and drenched with water for three years, before its obstinacy was overcome.

Passing the third chapter, which does what we have done—namely: give a history of the rise and progress of hydropathy—we come to the fourth, which contains an attempted defence of Dr. BILLING's ingenious theory of disease, and an attempt to find in it a justification of the water-cure—the latter, a miserable failure. The author of this—a Dr. JOHNSON—for Dr. SHEW merely introduces it as a quotation—gives us a taste of his powers of argument in the following style:—

“If there were peculiar danger in being caught in a shower while perspiring, every showery day would crowd our hospitals with its victims, and April would be the most deadly month in the year. Nature has not adapted the inhabitants of the earth to the circumstances of the earth's surface so bunglingly. On the contrary, the nature of every living thing has been beneficially fitted to the nature of those circumstances among which it was destined to dwell; and had a shower of rain possessed such deadly properties, our heads would have been furnished with a natural umbrella to defend it from the rain, as our eyes are accommodated with natural curtains to defend them from the dust.”

We quote literally—and if we have not presented a droll specimen of argumentation, we throw ourselves on the mercy of our readers. Suppose we parody the reasoning, and apply it to a similar question:—

“If there were any peculiar danger in breathing the malaria of the marshes, every new house built on their borders would crowd our hospitals with victims, and by the banks of the river would be the most deadly place to dwell. Nature has not adapted the inhabitants of the earth to the circumstances of the earth's surface so bunglingly.

On the contrary, the nature of every living thing has been beneficially fitted to the nature of those circumstances among which it was destined to dwell ; and had the malaria of the marshes possessed such deadly properties, our lungs would have been furnished with an apparatus to prevent its inhalation, as our eyes are accommodated with natural curtains to defend them from the dust."

The deductions in the parody are as legitimate as in the original—and about as just. Dr. JOHNSON, to defend the practice of the hydropathists, of first exciting sensible perspiration on the skin of the sick man and then plunging him in water of a very low temperature, certainly reasons analogically, and asserts a harmless effect in the sudden change of temperature if persons are wet by a shower, when in a state of perspiration. But the fact asserted is no fact at all. It is in the experience of every one—how he, or some of his acquaintance has suffered under cold or rheumatism from having been caught in the rain, while in a perspiration. It is true that the hospitals have not been crowded with victims thereby, nor APRIL been made the most deadly month in the year, because people do not go to the hospital or die, because of colds or rheumatism, nor are they usually in a perspiration from heat in APRIL. But the cases are not analagous. There is a vast difference between a warm or even a cool shower of rain, and water of a very cold temperature. And habit is something. We have known persons who have been able to bear sudden alternations of temperature, and constant exposure at all weathers, without apparent ill effect, for they had been inured to it from boyhood ; but the majority of persons around us cannot and do bear it, without evil effects. When Dr. JOHNSON attempts to reason analogically, he should find some similarity in the thing brought forward in support of his theory. But he seems to live in a blessed ignorance of logic, physiology, and common sense. The theory of the water-cure practitioners, as we understand it from the book before us, and it is difficult to understand anything in the book, so wretchedly is it written—is simply that there is but one disease, namely, a relaxation of the capillaries, and that the application of cold water, constricts their coats, by acting upon the cutaneous nerves. Such appears, at least, to be the theory which Dr. JOHNSON and Mr. SHEW favors ; but PRIESTNITZ himself asserts that cold water brings the "bad stuff" out of the system. In truth, every practitioner appears to have a separate theory of his own ; but none has demonstrated the correctness of the position he assumes—nor will he very probably attempt that which is of the impossible. The sensible portion of the public are loth to believe until they are convinced—and listen to the exaggerated accounts of the credulous with incredulous minds. It is true, that the new mode has many, and some very sensible votaries. But this is not wonderful. It is in the constitution of many minds to embrace the new because of its novelty. The most of these are ever on the look-out for change. Food is continually afforded for this diseased appetite. A new remedy is discovered, or an old one revived—as in this case—and straightway arises a host of advocates, who theorise a system, and proclaim the unity of disease and the claims of the new medicine as a panacea. At one time the metallic tractors are in the ascendant—at another the steam-bath—now, brandy and salt—then,

cold water. Designing men profit by this, and the public are gulled. The latter, awaking from the delusion, only awoken to be gulled again, by another novelty.

The remainder of the book is principally occupied with the details of treatment by means of lein-tuchs, umschlags, douche-baths, and so on. There is little variation in all of these. Large draughts of cold water, glass full after glass full—sweating baths, and sudden changes therefrom, to a profuse lavation with cold water—lying on wet sheets and wet bandages, and droppings of cold water on the head from a height—these, continued day after day, form the severe and often deadly treatment. Yet this is sometimes varied to milder forms—in some diseases—and some of these forms are amusing enough. One of these is particularly funny. For instance—in order to cure tooth-ache, we are told to fill two basins “with water—one of which is cold and the other tepid”—we presume Dr. SHEW means the water to have the variety of temperature and not the basins—“the mouth should be filled with the tepid water, and held in the mouth till it begins to warm, then change it; during this, the hands should be dipped constantly in cold water, and with them violently rub the whole of the face, cheeks, and behind the ears: *this operation should be continued until the pain ceases.*” We have italicised the last part of the quotation, which otherwise is literal, and may serve to give a clear view of Dr. SHEW’s merits as a writer. His style is certainly original—we cannot say as much for his remedy. It is stolen from that recorded in the pages of JOE MILLER’s famous book, wherein we are told to cure tooth-ache, by filling the mouth with cold water, and *sitting on the fire until the water boils.* We prefer the original method. It is as effectual as the other, and has the merit of simplicity to recommend it.

We might, perhaps, be inclined to laugh altogether at the antics of the Hydropathists; were it not that much positive danger results from their mode of practice. Some exposition of this has been made by an advocate of the unabused water-cure, who will not be suspected of prejudice against the system. We allude to Dr. GRAHAM, who nearly fell a victim to the water-demon of GRAEFENBERG, and whose book on the subject has attracted so much attention. A sufferer by his own credulity he received an awful lesson, and one which he richly deserved, when we consider that he was a medical man of good repute. On his escape homewards, he performed his duty to the public, by the publication of the results in a number of cases he had witnessed, and his views of the practice and abilities of PRIESTNITZ. The following are the results of his observation—results abundantly confirmed by evidence from the publications of the Hydropathists themselves. He finds, that while the regular physician is obliged to attend to all cases which are presented, PRIESTNITZ makes his selections, from the sick, of proper subjects; taking about one-fifth of those presented, about one-twentieth of whom are cured—or one in one hundred; we find that the cure even of this limited number, sometimes takes years to accomplish; and that every instance of death which came under his observation at GRAEFENBERG, resulted from congestion and not from the disease—a result, by-the-by, which any well-educated medical man should have anticipated from the treatment—that while every

drink was denied but that of water, the stomach was permitted to be overloaded with all kinds of food, of the coarsest and most odious quality, such as—"sour bread," dumplings made of the "scraps of bread which have been left at table, and soaked in the skimmings of the pot-liquor," "sauce made of Dutch herrings," "baked geese, lean, hard and tough," who, when alive, "looked miserably dirty, wet and cold, half-starved in an adjacent pond, frequently sparing the cook the trouble of killing them;" and that PRIESTNITZ, himself, is an ignorant and contemptible knave, placed by circumstances in a position to do an infinite deal of mischief, before his villany shall have run its course.

One of the cases which he cites strikes us as worthy of universal notice, and it will certainly excite general indignation. A young lady, the initials of whose name are given as a Miss S. S——, aged eighteen, a plump, beautiful and modest girl, in excellent health, accompanied her parents to GRAEFENBERG, on a trip of pleasure. She imbibed the enthusiasm which is common, of making "well" to be "better," and began a course of the treatment. For a little time, the cold bathing and pure air of the mountain appeared to be pleasant, and she followed the directions of PRIESTNITZ, in full. Her parents left her there, and returned to ENGLAND. In about a month, feverish excitement commenced—the glands of the neck swelled—and boils made their appearance; but as these were thought to denote a coming crisis, and the speedy departure of "the bad stuff," the process went on. She grew worse and worse, and the most alarming symptoms made their appearance. The termination of this melancholy case, we give, in the words of Dr. GRAHAM.

"Notwithstanding matters were in this state for some time, Priestnitz expressed himself confident of ultimate success, and said that all was going on most favorably. Seven weeks previous to the fatal termination of the 'cure,' Miss S. S. was removed by her friends to the neighboring town of Freiwaldau. In seven days after the removal a fever supervened, accompanied with delirium, which lasted for a fortnight. For this two moist sheets were ordered, in immediate succession; the first for half an hour, replaced by a second, in which she remained a full hour. On being taken from the sheet, she was placed in the half or demi-bath, at the low temperature of 50° Fahrenheit. For the first three days after the attack of fever she was well rubbed in the bath with cold water *for two hours*; afterwards for one hour, which treatment was repeated twice in the day. *Whilst in the bath, as well as in the moist sheet, she again complained of pains in the stomach.* The evacuations from the commencement of the fever were red as blood, and continued so to be until death; and latterly, they were nothing but blood. Previously to the fever there was a boil, or 'crisis,' as it was called, on her left breast; it did not suppurate, but receded during the fever. After the fever had left, a vesicular eruption broke out all over the body, but disappeared within a couple of days. At this time, large boils made their appearance, first on the soles of the feet, then on the palms of the hands, afterward on various parts, or rather all over the body—on the arms, legs, stomach, and sacrum. Even at this period, a fortnight before death, Priestnitz pronounced these boils to be a salutary 'crisis,' and in spite of all the alarming symptoms, declared that in six weeks she would be perfectly well, and fit to undertake the journey to England. Having been seized with a violent shivering and cramp in her stomach whilst under friction in the half-bath, she insisted on being taken out, at which Priestnitz, when informed of it, became very angry, and the next day sent one of his own women with strict orders to prosecute this operation until she became warm.

"The moist sheet and the half-bath were persevered with twice a day until within two days of her decease. *During the last few days she vomited blood.* No other remedies were employed to relieve the patient, and none to sustain life. On the night

of the second day after the discontinuance of the treatment, this hapless young lady expired in the arms of her attendant, whilst being raised in bed, the blood at the same time gushing out of her mouth and nostrils."

A post-mortem examination of the body of the murdered girl found the viscera to be sound; but the stomach was coated with a thick, brownish mass, extending into the jejunum, and the blood-vessels throughout the alimentary canal were highly congested. When PRIESTNITZ was informed of these appearances, evidently proving her death to be the result of congestion, he shrugged his shoulders, and said that, "something gave way inside, which caused her death."

We might quote other cases—among the rest that of Dr. GRAHAM himself; but we forbear. We commenced this article with no view of exciting feelings of sorrow at the results of this system. Our object was to notice it more for its absurdity, than its harm. When we see, however, the many fatal consequences of this vile imposture—this system, begot of ignorance, born of fraud, and fostered by credulity—we feel sad at the folly of mankind. But no matter for that. One thing is certain. Either Dr. SHEW believes in the efficacy of the water-cure, or he does not. If the former be true, he is a weak-minded man, who should receive our pity; if the latter, he should be scouted as an unprincipled knave. Of his book, as a literary work, there can be but one opinion. It is the most ridiculous work that ever emanated from the press—if we except the "Saul," of Mr. COXE, or the "Fredoniad," of POP EMMONS.

ART. VII.—LAMENT.

SO deep, asleep, in earth thou liest,
 Down so deep in yellow clay;
 For one whose spirit soared the highest,
 Until to heaven it seemed the nighest,
 Oh! most unfit thy fate to-day—
 Accursed is thy fate to-day.

"

Thou did'st not dream, amid the splendor
 Blazing, of thy Phoibos past,
 That thou, so soon, caresses tender
 Of fame and passion, would surrender,
 And thus—and *thus*—lie down at last—
 Yea! thus deserted, die at last.

"

Nought was the love of mine availing,
 Thy despair to soothe, sustain;
 It had no power, as now my wailing;
 For when thy star began its paling—
 Thy dear lips never smiled again—
 Those lips I lov'd ne'er smiled again.

ART. VIII.—PETRUS, THE PAINTER.

THERE is an account, somewhere in the German, of the life of PETRUS BREUGHEL, which is so romantic, and has, in one or two passages, so much resemblance to the early difficulties of an American painter, that we will narrate, as well as we can, from recollection. The incidents we present, we remember distinctly; but it may be that our language varies much from the original, which is out of our power to obtain.

In BREUGHEL, a village not far from the city of BREDa, lived a peasant-boy, who, being a friendless orphan, owed his existence to public charity. And cold charity it was. Every piece of bread given to poor PETRUS, was spiced with the reproach that he was an idle vagabond, and a burthen to the village. A weak and sickly child, he needed the care of a mother; but of this he knew nothing. He was happy if he obtained his scanty dole of bread, after much supplication, or had leave to sleep in the barn on the clean straw. More than once he tried to work, like the rest of the peasant-boys, and often went with them to weed the fields; but no sooner did he stoop to his occupation than vertigo would seize him, and he would fall senseless to the ground. These fits excited only the laughter of his companions; and finding himself so treated by the old and young of the male sex, he tried the women, and with better success. Their pity was excited by his forlorn appearance. To fix himself more firmly in their favor, he used to carve the figures of the SAVIOUR, and the VIRGIN MARY, on the bark of trees. These rude attempts at sculpture, at length, excited admiration in the simple minds of the villagers, and from that time forth he did not fear starvation.

Having occasionally obtained small sums of money, he determined to purchase paper, colors and pencils. The minister of the place undertook the commission and obtained the materials required. In possession of these implements PETRUS seriously applied himself to painting. He labored from morning until night, with unceasing zeal. His studio was a corner of the minister's kitchen, and was furnished with a stool and small table loaned him by his benefactor. The paintings in water-colors executed by PETRUS soon obtained reputation, not only in BREUGHEL, but the neighboring villages; and the young artist, by his earnings, bought himself new clothes, hired a small apartment, and took in his service an old woman, whose advanced age prevented her from laboring in the field.

A citizen of BREDa saw one of the boy's paintings, and was astonished that a youth, without a master, and without models, save in the rude pictures in an old family bible, was able to produce drawings so true to nature. Astonishment begot interest—he bought four of the painter's designs, and invited the latter to visit his house, at BREDa. Of course, the boy, proud of his success, and anxious to visit a city, having never before left his native village, accepted the invitation, and with his pictures under his arm, soon arrived at the house of his new patron.

After dinner, his friend conducted him to the church, and directed

his attention to the beautiful pictures it contained. The sight of these large paintings, executed on canvass, filled him with profound astonishment; and he instantly asked, by what means one could be enabled to present such large, durable and brilliant pictures.

"I know nothing about it," said the citizen, "but I am told they are executed with paints ground in oil, and that the canvass is stretched on a frame as the painting goes on."

PETRUS examined the painting very carefully, went back to church the next day; and so every day for a fortnight, to contemplate those extraordinary pictures. After this he bought all he thought necessary, and returned to the village. Hardly a month had passed, when he presented the citizen with an oil picture executed by himself. He had, in fact, discovered the wonderful process of oil painting, like the brothers VAN EYCK, though no chemist as each of them; neither could he write; and, to crown all with wonder, he was but sixteen years of age.

Though a mere dealer in broadcloth, the citizen saw, at once, high excellence in the production of the young artist; he felt a lively interest in his future prospects; and introduced him at once to a painter, in BREDA, who was at the height of a well-earned reputation. PETER KOECK—for such was the name of the artist—encouraged the boy in every way, and offered to take him as a pupil, for four years, on what for the age and under the circumstances were very liberal terms. To accept these, it would have been necessary for PETRUS to have parted with his old housekeeper, between whom and himself there had grown up a mutual affection, and he had not power to make the sacrifice. He contented himself with prolonging his stay in BREDA, for one month. During this time he took lessons in reading and writing, and made such rapid progress in both, that his worthy teacher looked upon the pupil as the eighth wonder of the world.

But the expenses of his journey and of instruction had lightened his purse, and on his return home, he began to work so steadily that he was enabled to send continually picture after picture, to his dealer at BREDA, until they had amounted to nineteen or twenty. When this number had been done, he began a larger and more elaborate picture than his others, representing a comic dispute between Carnival and Lent. When this was finished, and it occupied some time, he started again for BREDA, with his picture under his arm. On his way he met a richly-dressed young cavalier, attended by an old esquire, with three servants in his suite.

"Hallo, boy!" unceremoniously cried the cavalier, "what have you under your arm?"

"A picture, which I carry to the city to sell," replied the artist.

"Show it me," said the horseman. "If it be a good one, I will spare you the trouble of going to BREDA."

PETRUS gave his canvass to the young man, who looked at it for some time with great attention. At length he said to the apparent peasant-boy—"Who, in the name of all folly, commissioned you to sell this picture; and how could any one entrust *you* with such important business?"

"No one, but myself, replied PETRUS, suddenly, "for the picture is mine."

"Yours!—and how came you to own so precious a piece of art? "Fellow!" continued the cavalier, in a severe tone, "you are either a liar or a thief."

"With your permission, courteous sir cavalier," said the irritated artist, "I am neither the one, nor the other. It is my own work, and as such I am the possessor of it. I am now about to sell it to Master JACOB ELIAS, the antiquarian, who will pay me a heavy gold piece for it."

"Dost thou think to fool me with a tale like this? The picture I hold is the work of an artist—a master; and it is impossible that a boy like yourself could have made it. But were your story a true one, were you the painter, you would know, that instead of one gold piece, it is worth at least a hundred. In SPAIN, where, within a short time, a number of pictures by the same master have appeared, not one has been sold for less than that price."

PETRUS was not able to speak. He was dumb, with astonishment.

"Your picture," resumed the cavalier, "is not marked like the others, with the name of the painter, but it cannot be mistaken for the production of another artist. No one else has been able to give such vivacity of design, such truth of drawing, such light and shade. That picture is a genuine BREUGHEL."

"It is even so, sir knight, for though *my* name is not BREUGHEL, it is the name of the village from whence I came, where I was born, and where I reside. It is likely that Master ELIAS puts the name of my village under the pictures I sell to him. I swear to you, by the ETERNAL SPIRIT, that the picture you see is the work of my own hands."

"And the spire of BABYLON, also?"

"And the spire of BABYLON, also, sir knight, and the conversion of St. PAUL, and the Village Mass, and by every saint in heaven."

"I am forced to believe you," said the young man. Take these two hundred gold pieces, return to your village, and I will accompany you, to be for a month or two your pupil. I will allow you five hundred gold pieces for a fee."

"Holy Virgin! do not mock me, sir knight, so cruelly. I dare not believe you in earnest."

"Don LOUIS QUIJADA," said the young knight, as he turned to his esquire, "hand this young man the five hundred gold pieces, which I have just promised him, and let him give you a receipt, in which he will acknowledge himself indebted to me in two months' instruction."

"For two months!" cried the old man. "Think, sir, that we are ordered to travel in the NETHERLANDS, and that to stay two months, in a village with a picture-dauber, is not to travel."

"Don LOUIS QUIJADA," replied the young man, "I have often declared to you, that if you wish me to follow your orders, you must first tell me from whence they come. I came to the NETHERLANDS, not because you commended it; but because I was pleased with the proposition. Perhaps, I was indifferent, too, whither I went. But now, I will go to BREUGHEL, and occupy myself with painting, for two months. Be assured of it. Now, my worthy guide, get you gone; tell my ser-

vants to find quarters, under your charge, in BREDÁ; and give them orders necessary for my comfort during my stay in the village."

After fruitless remonstrance, the old man yielded the contested point, and the young cavalier, accompanied by PETRUS, directed his steps to BREUGHEL. On their way, it pleased DON JUAN—as he was frequently called by the old man—to chatter with his young companion, and he soon noticed in him, a clear and comprehensive mind, combined with a natural sense of the proprieties of life, not to be expected of a peasant-boy. His astonishment was not lessened when he entered the dwelling of the young artist, and convinced himself as well of the poverty of the boy, as the truth of his statements concerning the authorship of the picture. He had the house immediately cleared of its other inmates, providing for them in another cottage, after indemnifying them, in what they considered a generous manner. He gave orders to the servants, who arrived two hours after him, to furnish the house decently, and in a short space of time the miserable hovel became a comfortable residence. To poor PETRUS, and his housekeeper, it seemed changed to a palace. The old woman rubbed her eyes to convince herself that she was awake, yet was afraid to move too fastly, lest she might dispel such an agreeable vision.

A feeling of true friendship soon sprang up between master and pupil. While PETRUS initiated his new protector into the mysteries of his glorious art, he told him how he became a famous painter, without being aware of it. DON JUAN, in turn, made his teacher acquainted with not less singular events of his own mysterious life. Born at REGENSBERG, he had been educated under the care of DON LEWIS QUIJADA, and an aged lady, named BARBARA BLOMERS. Since his childhood he was surrounded by riches and splendor. His merest wish—his wildest freak—each became a command for his governess and tutor, and no gold was spared to satisfy his desires. If they wished him to do anything, they spoke of commands coming from high unknown persons, who exercised an unlimited power over him. If he asked who were these mysterious and influential beings, they were silent, or replied that they were strictly forbidden to reveal the name of his benefactors.

"All this," said he, "makes me unhappy. I would willingly relinquish riches and luxury—I would even consent to live like the poorest peasant, if I had only an affectionate mother—if I could embrace some one to whom I might address the title of father. In that degree I am now inconsiderate, wilful and capricious, I would become modest, docile and submissive to those who at night-fall would dismiss me to my slumbers, with a blessing upon their beloved son. But I despair of this, since my tutor informs me that the secret of my birth is forbidden to be disclosed. PETRUS! if thou wilt, thou shalt from this time be my friend—my brother! With thee to aid me, I will yet become a great painter, and astonished EUROPE shall pronounce, with enthusiasm, the names of master and pupil, PETRUS and JUAN. Fame, my PETRUS, is my ever present and glowing dream. To place my unknown name among the known—to deck it with glory—to gain the coat of arms a hostile fate has denied me—these thy art will aid me to attain. You were only a miserable orphan—a peasant—and without

knowing it, SPAIN admires you, and the NETHERLANDS looks on your sublime creations with wonder. This was the work of thy great art and thy high genius. I will invoke art and arouse genius. I have not poverty or hunger to stimulate me—but I have a wild thirst for fame, and an iron energy, to bear down or crush all obstacles. Aid me in my thirst for fame, oh, my brother!"

He embraced PETRUS, as he said it, and the two swore to each other an eternal friendship.

One morning, some time after this, a courier, covered with dust, and bestriding a horse whose flanks were wet with blood from spurring, rode up to the door of the cottage, and inquiring for Don LEWIS QUIJADA, delivered him despatches. The old man had scarcely read them, when a most vivid joy enlivened his features, and with an excitement that bordered on an extacy, he ran to find his pupil.

"TO SPAIN!" he cried, as soon as within reach of hearing—"to SPAIN. We must return, this instant, to our native country. Hasten! hasten, Don JUAN! Let us start this instant!"

"You are mistaken worthy sir, and master, if you like," said Don JUAN. I think of staying here two months longer, and then I shall go to ITALY."

"HOLY MADONNA! What is it you say? If we obey not the order, on the moment, we are lost."

"What care I!" replied the obstinate pupil. "Is life of such value that I should not sacrifice it to a caprice?"

"Do as you will with your own head; but mine, mine! Young man, it would be poor recompense for my trouble and sorrow in your behalf, ever since your birth, if your obstinacy should destroy me. Either start to-day—at once—for SPAIN, or take this poniard, and slay me. End my sorrow at once, for I die, if you obey not these orders."

Don JUAN could not witness, without emotion, the despair of his tutor.

"I am ready, then," said he, "to follow you. But, great God, who can I be, that those of terrible power should thus control and direct my movements?"

"If my hopes do not mislead me, all these secrets will be unveiled on our arrival in SPAIN," replied the old man.

"Quickly then—this moment, in the name of God. It is I who will not wait, now. PETRUS, brother! go with me. A happy or unhappy change of fate awaits me. You must share it with me, my brother."

The artist said no word; but he pressed the hand of JUAN, and ordered his weeping and trembling housekeeper to prepare for a journey.

Our travellers soon arrived in VALLADOLID, for QUIJADA scattered gold around, profusely, and horses were not spared to gain time. When they came near the city, in the large forest which surrounded it, they met the royal hunt. QUIJADA now became confused and embarrassed, and then cried, frantically:—

"From your horses, gentlemen! On your knees! The king approaches! Down!" He knelt as he spoke, and PETRUS and JUAN followed his example. The king presently appeared, and seeing QUIJADA, bent his steps towards Don JUAN.

"Are you Don JUAN?" inquired he.

"Yes, sire."

"I recognised you by the features of your father. Do you know who he is?"

Don JUAN blushed, as he answered—"No sire; but if you know, I beseech you, by the memory of your glorious father, the great CHARLES the Fifth, make him known to me. It is a deed of christian charity, for which angels in heaven will bless you."

"Rise, young man, your father was illustrious. He was the Emperor CHARLES. You are my brother!"

The heart of Don JUAN leaped with joy.

"Arise, Don JUAN, of AUSTRIA! Gentlemen, salute the brother of your king." With these words, he passed the arm of the prince under his own, and led him to the palace, near by. But Don JUAN did not forget his friend. He looked around, and beckoned him to follow.

The next day the prince called on the painter at the palace of QUIJADA, where the old noble had taken every pains to make the stay of Don JUAN's friend as pleasant as possible.

"Brother!" said the prince, "you see before you a wretched man. The polity of SPAIN requires, and my brother bids me to enter the Holy Church. But neither the purple of a Cardinal, nor the triple crown of the Pope, could seduce me. It is in the field I would serve my brother, with the sword of the Emperor, my father—a sword which shall win me the honor dearer than high lineage. I shall not cease to supplicate until my brother yields to my demands."

Soon after this, Don JUAN, of AUSTRIA, obtained permission to act against the rebellious Moors. On the day of his departure to the place of his destination, as chief commander of the royal forces, PETRUS BREUGHEL—for he adopted the name of his village, which the picture-dealer attached to his first paintings—returned to his beloved country. When he had accumulated a large fortune, which soon occurred—thanks to the generosity of Don JUAN, of AUSTRIA, and his own genius—he married the daughter of PETER KOECK, a young lady of remarkable beauty. He died at a very advanced age, leaving two sons to inherit his name and wealth. These were JOHANN—better known as Velvet BREUGHEL, and WILLIAM BREUGHEL—both artists of high reputation.

RUBENS—at a later period, admired the coloring and grandness of conception in BREUGHEL's pictures so much, that he advised his pupils to make those productions their study. To TENIERS—who really had some little of BREUGHEL's style, he used to say, in joke—"you will be my PETRUS BREUGHEL."

If little HIRST of bards is best and first—
As says his life—pray! who is last and worst?

ART. IX.—THE COBBLER OF COBBSTOWN.

“**R**UB-A-DUB! rub-a-dub! Dub!”

The housewife suspended her labors to gaze into the road; the loungers at BYRNE’S tavern leaned over the porch, or strode out to the pump to enjoy an uninterrupted view; the blacksmith, whose shop was located next to the tavern, dropped the foot of the horse he was shoeing, and strained his vision in a vain endeavor to penetrate the approaching cloud of dust.

“Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Dub!”

The coach approached nearer, and lo! upon the same seat with the driver was a fat little drummer, in regimental dress, who bewhacked his noisy instrument zealously to the great delight of the bystanders.

“Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Dub!”

The dogs of the village, assembled in town-meeting, by tap of the drum, added their voices to the music.

“Bow-wurr-wow-wurr! Rub-a-dub! Bow-wurr! prrr-rrrrrm!”

The coach drew up to the tavern-door, and stopped. The drummer drew himself up on the seat, and stopped also—and then dismounted, followed by the driver. The coach then disgorged itself, successively, of a long-legged fifer, with ferret eyes, and a nose of milestone dimensions, six privates, in uniform, a smart looking sergeant, and a captain, with epaulettes and regimentals, all after the latest army regulations. It was a very nice little recruiting party, though what, in the name of MARS and BELLONA, brought them to COBBSTOWN, puzzled the brains of the spectators. There they were, however, there could be no doubt of that; and the village poured out its one hundred and fifty inhabitants to see them. A crowd collected, but the captain, pressing his way through, nodded his head to the landlord, and said, inquiringly—“Room for us?” Receiving a nod in the affirmative, he said—“Show me to my room. Sergeant COXE, see my baggage taken care of.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the subaltern, and his superior officer left the press.

As soon as he had departed, a crowd collected around the sergeant, in the vain endeavor to extract some information; and the little children peered in the faces of the strange “shojers,” to learn the whereabouts of their origin. The efforts were unavailing—and divers drinks in which the party indulged, at the expense of the bystanders, had no more effect. The curiosity increased; and one little, thin cobbler, with a face of hatchet shape and tallow complexion, contrived to scrape a familiar acquaintance with the long fifer, and inveigle him on one side. What their conversation was, no one knew—but it resulted in the instant departure of the cobbler, minus a half dollar, lawful currency, which he had paid for the information obtained.

When the cobbler left the shop, he started straight to his home, and took from thence an old rusty pistol, which he loaded to the muzzle with powder and slugs. Hastily concealing this about his person, he took the road leading from the centre of the village, between Dr. MARTIN’S and Squire FLEMING’S houses, and travelled it with an

energy and speed truly wonderful. He looked like the hurrying genius of famine ; and as he went muttered to himself constantly. Above these mutterings, the following words might have been distinguished :

" I knew it—when old JOHN SMITH came here two years ago, I thought that there was something suspicious about him.—Ten thousand dollars reward !—half if I ketch him—by jingo ! wont I do it ?—the varmint—the old sneakin' broadbrim,—no more cobblin'—five thousand dollars ! My eyes !"—and the loud " my eyes !" found him at the end of his journey. He turned off from the road, and passing up a narrow lane which led to a white house, he stopped at the door of the dwelling, and asked for JOHN SMITH.

The girl who was standing on the step was the only daughter of the one inquired for. She was a very lovely young creature, about the age of nineteen, with a very mild and tender blue eye, and a very pale, but intelligent countenance. Her father was a respectable member of the society of Friends, and owned several valuable farms in the neighborhood. He had removed there, from Bucks county, in PENNSYLVANIA, two years before ; and was known universally as a mild, inoffensive and upright man. The daughter was about to answer his question, when her father came from the barn, on the left of the house, and turning to the cobbler, said—" What's wanting, friend COBB ?"

" Oh ! you dodrotted, old, sneakin' varmint !" cried the cobbler, grasping him suddenly—" you've nigh 'scaped justice ; but you'll git your desarts now. Purty, long while you've got off, for sartin. Come, go along with me——UNCLE SAM's soldiers want ye ! Come !" and he made an effort to drag him off.

JOHN SMITH was a powerful and determined man, as well as a very cool one ; so he merely shook off the gripe of the cobbler,

and said quietly—" CURTIUS COBB ! I don't feel free to strike thee, as it is against the discipline of our society ; and Friends never do such things ; but if I didn't think thee in liquor, or deranged in thy mind, thy face would be apt to run against my fist. Thee had better go home, and get sober."

This cool speech exasperated the cobbler almost to frenzy, and he replied in his loudest voice—" You 'tarnul old rascal ! you aint a goin' to git off so. There's ten thousand dollars reward offered for you, and you must go down to BYRNE's, where they're a waitin' for you.



If you don't," and here he presented the pistol, "dodrot my skin, if I don't blow your cussed old brains out, right off the reel."

The Quaker saw that either there was some strange mistake, or else the man was crazy. A moment's reflection told him that the safest way would be to follow his captor. If the first, it could be soon dissipated; if the second, the lunatic would be more easily captured in the village. So, bidding his daughter not to be alarmed, he quietly went with COBB, who kept a tight grasp to his coat-sleeve.

MARY was, however, thoroughly alarmed, and sending word for one of the men at work on the farm to follow, she started to overtake the couple who had departed, and did so, just as they arrived at Dr. MARTIN's front gate. Here they met the captain, who had just crossed from BYRNE's, and COBB exclaimed triumphantly, "I got him, captain; here's the old rascal. Half the reward's mine, by the livin' jingo."

But the captain took no notice of this. *He* only saw the prisoner's daughter, and exclaiming, "Why, MARY!" he was at her side in an instant. She pointed to her father. He looked in surprise at the latter, and at the cobbler, whose rude hold he shook off, and asked what was meant by all that he saw.

"It's all plain enough," cried CURTIUS COBB, "you are after the commandin' ginerel of the army, who's deserted, and run away, and been livin' here for two years, under the name of JOHN SMITH. Your fifer told me all this, and you're a comin' this game to cheat me out of my share of the reward. But it aint to be did. Them five thousand dollars is mine;" and he smacked his hands together with determination. "That's the man you're after, and you know it."

The crowd by this time took the joke, and began to show its enjoyment, by a loud fit of laughter. That led the Captain into the secret of COBB's credulity. He saw that the waggish fifer had perpetrated a hoax, and he was inclined to laugh. But there was MARY and MARY's father, and he gave his arm to the former, and walked home with the latter, after giving directions to the sergeant to drive off CURTIUS COBB, or get rid of him as prudence dictated.

There was a long talk that night in JOHN SMITH's house, and the result of it may be best told in old SMITH's words.

"Why, MARY, when CHARLES SPRINGLEY came a courting thee, I told thee I would not consent, nor will I yet. Thee has been growing paler and paler every day since then, and wasting away. This was very foolish. Thee should have known that I have every regard for CHARLES here; but that the discipline forbids me to give my consent to thy marriage with one out of Friends' meeting. And thee might have known, and if thee doesn't, it is never too late to learn, that if thee had got married, under such circumstances, while I should have blamed thee for violating Friends' discipline, I should have loved thee none the less for it, nor CHARLES either. But as it is never too late to learn, I'll leave thee to talk with CHARLES. God bless thee, MARY. Thee'll make a good wife, I know, and one like thy dead mother. I am sorry that CHARLES has taken up the trade of war."

"I'll leave that, sir, when I get married," said CHARLES, as the old Quaker left the room.

Of the result of their interview the reader may well guess, and will only be desirous of learning something more of the little cobbler of COBBSTOWN. We are sorry that we cannot gratify such a laudable curiosity to any extent. All we know is, that in a few days after he was missing. Where or how he went is a matter of mystery, though a man answering his description was seen the next day after his disappearance, about twenty miles from COBBSTOWN, travelling on the road to the great west. As that was thirty-two years since, and no traces has been found of him, "the oldest inhabitant," from whom we had the facts, concludes that he, the missing mender of shoes, has departed this life.

ART. XI.—THE CLOUDS.

FLEECY clouds! ye are fleeting!
 In the deep blue air!
 Fleecy clouds—ye are fleeting
 Wand'ers where?

"

Fleecy clouds! ye are fleeting
 Bright and gay—
 Floating, onward floating,
 Far away.

"

Ye were of the midnight storm—
 Whose sable shroud
 Swept o'er the crested deep,
 And thund'ring loud.

"

Curl and waft and wind away,
 So gaily on—
 Till ye fold as crimson gleams
 The setting sun.

"

There richly soft and ting'd
 With glowing dyes—
 Ye float in gorgeous wreaths—
 O'er western skies.

"

Yet midst those clust'ring folds,
 E'er long will pour
 The morn's soft light, that fills
 And gushes o'er.

"

But as the night-wind sighs,
 High sweeping there—
 Like phantoms at the blast,
 Ye vanish! where?

ART. XII.—LYELL, ON THE UNITED STATES.(a)

THE well known CHARLES LYELL, geologist and gentleman, on a pleasant day in AUGUST, four years since—after having cracked stones all over GREAT BRITAIN and EUROPE, came to this country on a professional visit. His reputation as a man of science and learning had preceded him, and our countrymen, ever ready to welcome merit, gave him a cordial reception. He travelled over the Union for a time not extending ten months, examined the geological structure of the country, and the structure of society, and has at length given the results of his observation to the world. The book he produced is before us, and though a very elaborate review is not in accordance with the character of our journal, we feel obliged to give to a part of this production a notice more extended than common; and we approach our task with every desire to approve—for the author has shown a candid and honest spirit, which, at least, is worthy of commendation. That Mr. LYELL was well received is true, but it does not necessarily follow that he should have viewed everything through a rose-colored medium. Mr. DICKENS was received with even more warmth, and he returned *his* thanks in a volume teeming with abuse and the grossest falsehoods. This was very well—it was right enough. Mr. DICKENS meant it for his last romance, and we have proof of that in the fact, that his late romances have all degenerated into dry and tedious narration. He exhausted his imagination on his “American Notes.”

So much of the book before us as is occupied by geological notes, we do not intend to meddle with. So far as we have observed, we can bear testimony to its correctness of detail, and we presume the whole to be equally correct. But the portions referring to slavery, to suffrage, to political parties, and to the general character of the people, is marked by so much good will, and by such an evident desire to be candid, that we feel it our duty to correct and expose the errors into which he has in some places unwittingly fallen. That we do this in no unfriendly spirit is evident from the fact that we do it at all. We would never have taken the trouble to wade through the pages of a MARRYAT or a TROLLOPE. The game would not be worth the powder expended to bring it down.

The first point which strikes the reader is the evident horror with which Mr. LYELL regards the Democratic party. He seems to think that it is a party of the rabble alone, and probably to hold with the late Mr. BIDDLE, that it is nothing but an organized banditti. “A man going down to JERICHO,” the Book informs us, “fell among thieves.” One traveller in coming to AMERICA, fell among whigs. The cases would appear to be analagous. IAGO says:—

(a) Travels in North America, in the Years 1841-2; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By CHARLES LYELL, Esq., F. R. S., author of the Principles of Geology. In 2 vols., 12mo. pp. 251-221. New-York: Wiley and Putnam.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis his;
'Twas mine; it has been slave to thousands.
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me——".

In that sense the whigs have certainly endeavoured to play the robber, and invariably represent in their newspapers, and at their public gatherings, that the Democratic party are a herd of unmitigated rascals, who desire to overthrow the government, have a hatred for learning, and despise the luxury of a clean shirt. Not satisfied with this—no sooner does a decent traveller land on our shores than they impress upon his mind such a horror of their opponents, that he instinctively puts his hand on his breeches pocket, when he hears the name of Democracy.

The evidence that Mr. LYELL has been one of the victims to this fraud, and has been most shockingly bamboozled, is seen in divers places throughout his book. Witness the following extracts, the first of which refers to PENNSYLVANIA and her debt, and the reader will be amused at the easiness with which the English traveller was hoaxed.

"In their popular addresses, *some candidates ask the people whether they will vote for the Whigs, who will lay on new taxes.* As it is well known that such taxes must be imposed if the dividends on the State bonds are to be paid, these popular appeals are ominous. The rapid fall in the State securities show that the people have no confidence that the majority of the electors will be proof against the insidious arts of *these demagogues.*"—Vol. i. p. 84.

"In New-York the Roman Catholic priests have recently agitated with no small success for a separate allotment of their share of the education fund. *They have allied themselves, as in the Belgian revolution, with the extreme democracy to carry their point,* and may materially retard the general progress of education."—Ib. p. 97.

"Sanguine hopes are also entertained that *the most respectable members of the democratic party* will also join in effecting reforms in the electoral system, so obviously desirable."—Ib. p. 188.

"I frequently heard politicians *deplore the progress of democracy*—argue that the President ought to be elected for six years instead of four, that he should not be re-eligible, that there should be no veto, and contend for other organic changes."—Vol. ii. p. 69.

These are the mere echoes of whig slander. The charge, that in PENNSYLVANIA the Democrats are opposed to the payment of the State debt, is a false one, and that the Democratic party ever allied themselves in the city of NEW-YORK to one peculiar sect, as a sect, is a falsehood. The fling at the Democracy—"the most respectable members"—insinuating, broadly, that such were few, is amusing as a specimen of whig venom, inflicted through Mr. LYELL. To maintain that the Democratic party, as a party, does not contain a large proportion of honest and respectable men, is to maintain a wicked lie. It is true that, in the North, the whigs possess most of the wealth, and nearly all the professors in colleges, and the leading scientific men belong to them. But of the hardy and honest mechanics and farmers—men with whom reside a large proportion of intelligence and information—men who could teach the professors a knowledge of the constitution of their country, and the practical working of our scheme of government—of these the Democratic party possesses, by far, the majority. And of literary men—the authors—two to one are Democratic.

The information given to Mr. LYELL in regard to our naturalization laws was equally false—witness the following:—

"A large number of *these aliens have, contrary to old usage, been of late years* invested with electoral rights, and candidates for places in the magistracy or legislature, been degraded by paying court to their sympathies or ignorant prejudices."—Vol. i. p. 182.

"There are, however, a number of European immigrants who *have recently been admitted to take part in the elections, by shortening the term of years required for naturalization.*"—Ib. pp. 183-4.

Mr. LYELL has been most grossly misinformed. No such change has taken place, and the laws stand as they did years since. Yet it is not surprising that he should have fallen into the error; for there are a large number of our citizens who do not seem to understand the aim and purpose of our naturalization laws, and who utter just such cant cries as those with which the traveller has spiced his book.

The original design in making the term of residence required for naturalization five years, was to encourage the emigration of families to a thinly settled country, and the clothing of heads of families with the elective franchise and the other rights of the citizen, was to afford a premium for their settlement. Hence, now that the country is more densely populated, it is argued by many that the term of residence required should be extended. It is farther urged, in support of this proposition, that very many of the emigrants are persons of bad habits, or so ignorant that they cannot, in the space of five years, comprehend the constitution in order to become good citizens.

But the tide of emigration, setting in from all parts of the world, can no more be stayed than the tides of the sea. It increases in the ratio of the increase of the population abroad. The prudent statesman at once sees, if the males among this large body of emigrants, coming as they do to effect a permanent residence, are suffered to remain here as aliens, that we have within us a large body of men, having no sympathy with our progress, no love for our institutions, and no love for our soil. This would be injurious in time of peace, and costly or dangerous in time of war—costly, if maintained as detained aliens, at the public expense, away from tide-water—dangerous, if expelled from our shores, to return with exasperated feelings in the train of an invading army. The expedient of requiring from them an oath of allegiance to our government is simple and safe. They feel themselves a part and parcel of the country—they intermarry with our people, and their children, born citizens, strengthen the American sympathies of our fathers. A war has already established the fact that these sympathies are too strong to be broken by early associations.

It is idle to urge that very many of these emigrants are too ignorant to comprehend our constitution. The duty of an American citizen is a prompt and full obedience to the law. If the foreign-born citizen has not learned this much during five years' residence, it is in the power of those in authority to give him, at any time, an effectual lesson. And if a man be so dull as not to have discovered the chief duty of an American citizen in five years, twenty-one years would roll by, and more probably a life-time, without adding to his store of political knowledge. That demagogues stoop so low as to appeal to the old affinities and flatter the ancient prejudices of foreign-born citizens, is too true. We have heard speeches made at the public meetings of

both parties, that made our blood boil with anger. But who is to blame for this? The fools and rascals who do it are American-born citizens; and their infamy is none the less because those they address look upon such efforts as insults, and glory in the title of "American citizen," as far preferable to any other. This is an evil, so far as it excites contempt, and scarcely an evil for the same reason. Public opinion will—nay! has already begun to correct this. Men begin to shame of this petty degradation. They see the folly—the injustice of their acts. "We are Americans by choice—Germans by accident," said a German speaking on this subject at the late election. Men who have chosen this country for their homes do not care to be reproached with the accident of their birth.

The remarks of Mr. LYELL on slavery have surprised us no less by their liberality and justice, than by the thorough analysis he has made of the whole slave system as it operates in the South. Approaching the matter in a practical way, he has divested himself of prejudice, and trusted more to his own observation than the reports of others. This is more surprising, when we consider that he is partial to, and respects the opinions of the people of NEW ENGLAND—the very hot-bed and focus of the whole anti-slavery movement. But candor, and a desire to be just, forms a large portion of our traveller's character. He evidently desires to speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. An honorable exception to most English tourists in America, he does not condescend to pander to the anti-American prejudices of his readers. He views us under the circumstances with which we are surrounded, and speaks less as an Englishman than as a citizen of the world. And yet, a strong love and fervent admiration for his native land shows itself palpably on every occasion.

The tourist was placed in situations during his visit to the southern states, for observing the practical effects of slavery on the welfare and happiness of the slave. Several amusing incidents are noted—incidents showing the content and comfort of the slave population—but such, as being common in our view, would not excite our special remark. Two portions of his observations, while unfavorable to the system, contain so much more of liberality and justice than are usually exhibited by foreigners when writing on the subject, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:—

"As there were no inns in that part of South Carolina through which we passed in this short tour, and as we were every where received hospitably by the planters, I had many opportunities of seeing their mode of life, and the condition of the domestic and farm slaves. In some rich houses maize, or Indian corn, and rice were entirely substituted for wheaten bread. The usual style of living is that of English country gentlemen. They have well-appointed carriages and horses, and well-trained black servants. The conversation of the gentlemen turned chiefly on agricultural subjects, shooting, and horse-racing. Several of the mansions were surrounded with deer-parks.

"Arriving often at a late hour at our quarters in the evening, we heard the negroes singing loudly and joyously in chorus after their day's work was over. On one estate, about forty black children were brought up daily before the windows of the planter's house, and led in sight of the family, otherwise, we are told, the old women who have charge of them might, in the absence of the parents, appropriate part of their allowance to themselves. All the slaves have some animal food daily. When they are ill, they sometimes refuse to take medicine, except from the hands of the master or

mistress; and it is of all tasks the most delicate for the owners to decide when they are really sick, and when only shamming from indolence.

*"After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a year for her hire. A good-humoured butler, at another inn in the same state, took care to tell me that his owner got 30*l.* a year for him. The colored stewardess of a steam-vessel was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the childlike simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price, however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labor with higher motives than the whites—a disinterested love of doing their duty. I am aware that we may reflect and philosophise on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression which it made upon my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves."* (pp. 144—5.)

"I often asked myself, when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought, first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves, but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family; and it would still be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection that, since the abolition movement and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write. I must first, therefore, endeavor to persuade my fellow-slaveholders to repeal these laws against improving the moral and intellectual condition of the slaves. I remarked that, in order to overcome the apathy and reluctance of the planters, the same kind of agitation, the same "pressure from without," might be indispensable, which had brought about our West Indian emancipation. To this my American friends replied, that the small number of our slaves, so insignificant in comparison to their two and a half millions, had made an indemnity to the owner possible; also that the free negroes, in small islands, could always be held in subjection by the British fleets; and, lastly, that England had a right to interfere and legislate for her own colonies, whereas the northern States of the Union, and foreigners, had no constitutional right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of the slave States. Such intervention, by exciting the fears and indignation of the planters, had retarded, and must always be expected to retard, the progress of the cause. They also reminded me how long and obstinate a struggle the West Indian proprietors had made against the emancipationists in the British House of Commons; and they hinted, that if the different islands had been directly represented in the Lower House, and there had been Dukes of Jamaica, Marquises of Antigua, and Earls of Barbadoes in the Upper House, as the slave states are represented in Congress, the measure would never have been carried to this day.

"The more I reflected on the condition of the slaves, and endeavored to think on a practicable plan for hastening the period of their liberation, the more difficult the subject appeared to me, and the more I felt astonished at the confidence displayed by so many anti-slavery speakers and writers on both sides of the Atlantic. The course pursued by these agitators show that, next to the positively wicked, the class who are usually called "well-meaning persons" are the most mischievous in society. Before the year 1830, a considerable number of the planters were in the habit of regarding slavery as a great moral and political evil, and many of them openly proclaimed it to be so in the Virginia debates of 1831-2. The emancipation party was gradually gaining ground, and not unreasonable hopes were entertained that the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland would soon fix on some future day for the manumission of

their slaves. This step had already been taken in most of the States north of the Potomac, and slavery was steadily retreating southwards. From the moment that the abolition movement began, and that missionaries were sent to the southern States, a re-action was perceived—the planters took the alarm—laws were passed against education—the condition of the slave was worse; and not a few of the planters, by dint of defending their institutions against the arguments and misrepresentations of their assailants, came actually to delude themselves into a belief that slavery was legitimate, wise, and expedient—a positive good in itself. There were many, indeed, who thought differently, but who no longer dared to express their opinions freely on the subject.

"It is natural that those planters who are of benevolent dispositions, and indulgent to their slaves, and who envy the northern proprietor, who, now that the Indians have passed away, has the good fortune not to share his country with another race, should be greatly irritated when the cruelty of the slave-holders, as a class, is held up to the reprobation of mankind. A deep sense of injustice, and a feeling of indignation, disinclines them to persevere in advocating the cause of emancipation. I was so much occupied and absorbed in my scientific pursuits that I never felt tempted to touch on this exciting subject, and therefore, perhaps, the planters spoke out their sentiments to me more freely. "Labour," they said, "is as compulsory in Europe as here; but in Europe they who refuse to work have the alternative of starvation; here the slave who is idle has the alternative of corporal punishment; for, whether he works or not, he must always be fed and clothed." They complained to me much of the manner in which the escape of runaway slaves was favored in the free States. Their innocence, they said, is always assumed, and the cruelty and harshness of their owners, taken for granted; whereas the fugitives often consist of good-for-nothing characters, who would have been put into gaol in Europe, but who here are left at large, because their masters are unwilling to lose their services by imprisonment, while they are compelled to support them. If the same delinquents, they say, were flying from the constable in a free State, the public would sympathise with the police and the magistrate, and if they bore on their backs the marks of former chastisement in gaol, the general desire to apprehend them would be still more eager. These apologies, and their assurance that they found it to their interest to treat their slaves kindly, had no effect in inducing me to believe that, where such great power is intrusted to the owner, that power will not be frequently abused; but it has made me desire to see a fair statement of the comparative statistics of crimes and punishments in slave states and free countries. If we could fairly estimate the misery of all offenders in the prisons, penitentiaries, and penal settlements of some large European province, and then deduct the same from the sufferings of the slaves in a large southern state in the Union, the excess alone ought, in fairness, to be laid to the charge of the slave-owners. While pointing out the evil unreservedly, we should do the owner the justice to remember that the system of things which we deprecate has been inherited by him from his British ancestors, and that it is rarely possible or safe to bring about a great social reform in a few years.

"Had the measure of emancipating all the slaves been carried through as rapidly as some abolitionists have desired, the fate of the negroes might have been almost as deplorable as that of the aboriginal Indians. We must never forget that the slaves have at present a monopoly of the labor-market; the planters being bound to feed and clothe them, and being unable to turn them off and take white laborers in their place. The colored population, therefore, are protected against the free competition of the white emigrants, with whom, if they were once liberated, they could no longer successfully contend. I am by no means disposed to assume that the natural capacities of the negroes, who always appeared to me to be an amiable, gentle, and inoffensive race, may not be equal in a moral and intellectual point of view to those of the Europeans, provided the colored population were placed in circumstances equally favorable for their development. But it would be visionary to expect that, under any imaginable system, this race could at once acquire as much energy, and become as rapidly progressive, as the Anglo-Saxons. To inspire them with such an aptitude for rapid advancement must be the work of time—the result of improvement carried on through several successive generations. Time is precisely the condition for which the advocates of the immediate liberation of the blacks would never sufficiently allow. The great experiment now making in the West-Indies affords no parallel case, because the climate there is far more sultry; relaxing, and trying to Europeans, than in the Southern States of the Union; and it is well known that the West Indian proprietors have no choice, the whites being so few in number, that the services of the coloured race are indispensable.

"Professor Tucker, of Virginia, has endeavored to show, that the density of population in the slave States will amount, in about six years, to fifty persons in a square mile. Long before that period arrives, the most productive lands will have been all cultivated, and some of the inferior soils resorted to: the price of labor will fall gradually as compared to the means of subsistence, and it will, at length, be for the interest of the masters to liberate their slaves, and to employ the more economical and productive labor of freemen. The same causes will then come into operation which formerly emancipated the villains of western Europe, and will one day set free the serfs of Russia. It is to be hoped, however, that the planters will not wait for more than half a century for such an euthanasia of the institution of slavery; for the increase of the colored population in sixty years would be a formidable evil, since in this instance they are not, like villains and serfs, of the same race as their masters. They cannot be fused at once into the general mass, and become amalgamated with the whites, for their colour still remains as the badge of their former bondage, so that they continue, after their fetters are removed, to form a separate and inferior caste. How long this state of things would last must depend on their natural capabilities, moral, intellectual, and physical; but if in these they be equal to the whites, they would eventually become the dominant race, since the climate of the south, more congenial to their constitutions, would give them a decided advantage.

"A philanthropist may well be perplexed when he desires to devise some plan of interference which may really promote the true interests of the negro. But the way in which the planters would best consult their own interests appears to me very clear. They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly overrate, and lose no time in educating the slaves, and encouraging private manumission to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved in the northern States that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the colored population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western States fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther, beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands south of the Potomac will offer a more tempting field for colonization to the swarms of New Englanders, who are averse to migration into the slave states. Before this influx of white laborers, the colored race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution."

Mr. LYELL has thus spoken in a more just manner than his predecessors; but there are some facts which have escaped his observation. The abolitionists of late, and those of former years, are of a different kind. The early abolitionists were men who possessed real philanthropy and common sense. They looked upon the system of compulsory labor as a system containing, in itself, social and political evil to the master as well as to the slave. With this belief they endeavored to impress the masters with the belief of this, and to persuade them to get rid of the burthen in a speedy manner. The slaveholders listened to them with respect, as they do at this day to the Society of Friends—as a Society—when speaking on this matter; because they felt that the intention was kind. Thus it was that Abolition Societies were formed in VIRGINIA, and public sentiment began to take a turn in favor of emancipation. The wisdom of the statesman was invoked to devise means for the early abandonment of the system. The prospective abolition, which had been introduced in PENNSYLVANIA and elsewhere, was discussed and examined with every favorable feeling. The legislatures of several of the slave states became the theatres of earnest debate on the subject, and there was every prospect of the introduction of free labor—a system which, however it

may answer the purposes of the employed, is infinitely better to the employer,

But at this period the attention of a few demagogues in the north was attracted to this growing movement. They began with the design of helping the credulous to raise an excitement in the north. They commenced a systematic course of misrepresentation and direct falsehood. Every case of cruelty on the part of a slaveholder to his slaves—a thing not more common than the cruelty of a master to his apprentice in the north—they seized to exaggerate its details, and to impart to them horror and disgust. Their speeches, to crowds of excited hearers, abounded with stories of wrong and oppression—of the lash and the fetter—of violation and murder. Every tale of JAMAICA and HAITI, where the system had existed in its worst form, was new-modelled and applied to the southern states. Vituperation and calumny appeared in every paper, and these publications were liberally distributed over the south. Many of the slaves could read, and the results of these efforts were seen in the attempts at rebellion. The masters were alarmed—the discussions were closed—the VIRGINIA and MARYLAND Abolition Societies were disbanded—laws were passed prohibiting the instruction of slaves, and it was even found necessary to restrain the religious meetings of the slaves—since it was at these gatherings that revolutionary doctrines were most promulgated. Distrust took the place of confidence—hate that of love, and the south began to regard the whole north as their enemies. The north, eager to rid themselves of an unjust imputation, denounced the mad efforts of the fanatics. These denunciations kindled the anger of the worst portions of the populace—abolitionism became a by-word of reproach, and riots, arson and murder, disgraceful to a law-abiding people, followed.

Under these circumstances do we now stand, yet with some change. The abolitionists have divided into two parties; and deep as is the hatred with which the slaveholder regards both, it is not half so intense as that which is felt by one portion of these factions to the other. One of these is called the “non-resistance” party. They contend that the constitution is invalid—that the country has no government to which they owe allegiance, and that the “Liberty” party—the other division of the abolitionists—are allies and concealed friends of the slaveholders. They are rapidly dwindling away, and are now of sufficient numbers only to support, in idle luxury, their leaders, ABBY KELLY, S. S. FOSTER, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and others. The “Liberty” party propose to attain their object ultimately by political influence. They believe that they will ultimately increase to such an extent as to obtain several members of Congress. Then they intend to drive a political bargain, by which southerners will, at last, agree to adopt measures for emancipation. Their yearly increase, a remarkable one, would seem to give some color to their hope; but they mistake the character and temper of their southern fellow-citizens. It is but fair to add that among their leaders are many men, such as JAMES G. BIRNEY, ALVAN STEWART, and SAMUEL WEBB, whose life and blameless character places them above sordid motives. We have respect for the honesty of their intentions,

while we denounce their doctrines as dangerous. But the opposing faction have not even this to gild the blackness of their movements. They are, individually and collectively, unless we charitably believe them to be madmen, most impudent and reckless knaves.

The position of the great mass of the north on the matter is a plain one. It need not be misunderstood. They hold that they have no more right to interfere with the institution of slavery at the south, than the south have with that of apprenticeship at the north, and they would not admit of this last named right for an instant. If the south were to supplant slave with free labor they would be pleased. They believe it would increase their prosperity and develop the resources of the south, as it has those of the north. But they will take no undue means to produce this result. It has no selfish feelings in this desire, for its prosperity would be injured by the abolition of slavery. Not only would its home market be abridged, but it would receive a worthless and lose a valuable population. The idle and worthless of the freed blacks would move to the north—EL DORADO—the industrious of those in the north would remove to the south to fill up the vacuum—for there their labor would be in demand. Indeed, it would be well for the north, in the event of emancipation, if means could be provided to check this emigration.

But we are going beyond the limits we had first assigned ourselves. The work, as a whole, is not only a marked improvement on the style and temper of former tourists, but it is a work highly valuable for its scientific portions, its acute observation, its candor, its deep interest, and the beauty and simplicity of its diction. To illustrate this last, we will present our readers with one of the beautiful passages with which the work abounds.

"At one point our train stopped at a handsome new built station-house, and looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, moccasins of moose-deer skin, and boxes of birch-bark. At the other window stood a well-dressed waiter handing ices and confectionary. When we reflect that some single towns, of which the foundations were laid by persons still living, can already number a population equal to all the aboriginal hunter tribes who possessed the forests for hundreds of miles around, we soon cease to repine at the extraordinary revolution, however much we may commiserate the unhappy fate of the disinherited race. They who are accustomed to connect the romance of their travels in Europe or Asia with historical recollections and the monuments of former glory, with the study of master-pieces in the fine arts, or with grand and magnificent scenery, will hardly believe the romantic sensations which may be inspired by the aspect of this region, where very few points of picturesque beauty meet the eye, and where the aboriginal forest has lost its charm of savage wildness by the intrusion of railways and canals. The foreign naturalist, indeed, sees novelty in every plant, bird, and insect; and the remarkable resemblances of the rocks at so great a distance from home, are to him a source of wonder and instruction. But there are other objects of intense interest to enliven or excite the imagination of every traveller. Here, instead of dwelling on the past, and on the signs of pomp and grandeur which have vanished, the mind is filled with images of coming power and splendor. The vast stride made by one generation in a brief moment of time, naturally disposes us to magnify and exaggerate the rapid rate of future improvement. The contemplation of so much prosperity, such entire absence of want and poverty, so many school-houses and churches, rising everywhere in the woods, and such a general desire of education, with the consciousness that a great continent lies beyond which has still to be appropriated, fills the traveller with cheering thoughts and sanguine hopes. He may be reminded that there is another side of the picture, that where the success has been so brilliant, and where

large fortunes have been hastily realised, there will be rash speculations and bitter disappointments; but these ideas do not force themselves into the reveries of the passing stranger. He sees around him the solid fruits of victory, and forgets that many a soldier in the foremost ranks has fallen in the breach; and cold indeed would be his temperament if he did not sympathize with the freshness and hopefulness of a new country, and feel as men past the prime of life are accustomed to feel when in company with the young, who are full of health and buoyant spirits, of faith and confidence in the future."

We recommend Mr. LYELL's work to our readers, as one which will afford them great delight in its perusal. We have read it with unabated interest and increasing zest from its title page to its finis.

ART. XIII.—ANACREONTIC.

FILL up the cup, and drain again,
 To her my soul has sought in vain;
 Perhaps the draught may ease the pain,
 Conceal the throe, or hide the wo.
 Yes! fill the cup, till on the brim
 Shall swim the bubbles light and gay,
 And pledge me that a bright success
 The effort next I make may bless,
 Nor let her say me nay.

"

Fill up the cup with wine divine,
 And drink to that good fortune mine,
 For which I never ceased to pine,
 However bright the day or night.
 For long and sad the days since I
 Could bathe me in her tender sigh—
 Ah! such perfume that sigh could give,
 Within its gale 'twere sweet to live,
 And not too sad to die.

"

Fill up the cup, to shed its red
 And glorious light around each head,
 And let the gay Bacchantes wed
 Their feet to numbers as they come;
 And let us laugh at care and drink,
 Nor think what next may be my lot;
 Though even to find so long apart,
 That now my ne'er forgetting heart
 By hers has been forgot.

ART. XIV.—THE AMERICAN POETS.

ANXIOUS to present our readers with the best specimens of the poetry of this country, we addressed notes to various of our poets, requesting them to furnish us, without charge, the means of fulfilling our desire. This, we conceived, to be a very modest request. To our surprise, some of these notes were returned; and others were retained, but no reply made. To some we received answers, with the required poems. We print below, the whole of the latter. Our readers will enjoy these sublime effusions.

HARVARD, SEPT. 1st, 1845.

SIR: I do not know you. Who are you? I never heard of you, before I received your letter. I learned three months since, that you had abused me, and denied my claims to originality. What was it your business, if I did steal the ideas of others. I stole nothing from you. Why concern yourself about the losses, by theft, of other people? I will steal as much as I please. You have made yourself a literary policeman—but I defy you. To show you that I *can* translate—a fact, which you impudently denied—I send you the following.

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P. S.—Take another tack. Praise my poems; and all the magazines at my control will swear you are the greatest writer in the country. Think of the advantages of puffing.

H. W. L.

THE THREE SAILORS.

From the French of le Chevalier d'Industrie.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There were three sailors bold,
In gallant days of old—
Who labored nightly, daily;
And if the day were hot or cold,
They labored on right gaily,
Their sails to spread or fold.

“

But so it fell one day—
The olden legends say—
That these three gallant sailors,
Met, in a boat, at sea, afloat,
Three very little tailors,
With beards and hair so grey.

“

And these three sailors cried—
And laughed until they died,
To see three tailors sailing
Without a compass or a guide,
The sea with strength unfailing—
While each his needle plied.

The tailors died as well—
 And no one e'er could tell
 Where, in that stormy weather,
 These sailors three and tailors three
 Went off, in glee, together ;
 But some suggested ———. (a)

BOSTON, SEPT. 3rd, 1845.

Dear Sir:—I am happy to oblige you. I send you the enclosed, written in my usual, terse, epigrammatic style. The high opinion you express of my powers as a poet, are but just ; and show you have more taste than the Hollis street congregation.

I am, very truly,

JOHN PIERPONT.

ODE TO THE MUSES.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Ye gentle muses ! make me first
 Of bards—like HARRY HIRST !
 To me the fire afford,
 Of WILLIAM W. LORD !
 And be my songs like COXE's "SAUL,"
 Filled up with most abundant *fol*

—*lol*,
fol
de riddle dol !

Ye gentle muses ! let my rhymes
 Ring like the chinking chimes
 Of those Campanalo-
 —gian ringers, whom you know,
 Within the Tabernacle Hall,
 Present abundantly the *fol*

—*lol*,
fol
de riddle dol !

Ye gentle muses ! if you will,
 With fire my verses fill ;
 Permit this lamp of mine
 O'er other lamps to shine ;
 And, if you won't, confound ye all !
 I'll treat you to abundant *fol*

—*lol*,
fol
de riddle dol !

(a) The last word was too much blotted to be made out by us, or the compositor.—
 EDITOR OF THE ARISTIDEAN.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, AUG. 3rd, 1845.

Sir :—I received yours yesterday. I would like to oblige you ; but cannot. If the following—the commencement of a new poem—is of any service, take it.

In haste, truly yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

EXTRACT

From an unpublished Poem.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To those whose appetites love oysters, and
Whose mouths are formed to swallow, lives
No more sublime and beautiful of sights
Than from the bay shore closest to PATCHOGUE,
To gaze on oystermen, as with their drags,
They rake from ocean depths the shelly fish.

Yet deem not thou, who oysters may devour—
Six, to the shilling—always they are fresh ;
For often day by day, with shells agape,
Their fate they lie awaiting. Then, the wight
Who purchases and strives to eat, will find
His nose annoyed with perfumes not so bland
As those which flit o'er happy ARABY,
And from the counter swift will haste away,
To sniff the freshness of the outer air.

Let those who would avoid this luckless fate,
So smell, before the fish be deep engulfed,
That he decayed ones may reject, and thus
Lie down to slumber at the evening hour,
And dream, like ancient PISTOL, that the world
Is one great oyster for their ravenous maw.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 25th, 1845.

My very dear Sir :—I am pleased to see that you are inclined to do me justice ; although the Rev. Dr. GRISWOLD, and be — (a) to him, never gave my works a place in his collection of American poetry. I send you a sonnet, of a decidedly original construction—as original as any thing I ever wrote. It is heartily at your service. Could you not contrive to say something about my “great talents,” &c. I will do as much for you.

Very truly, yours,
CHARLES J. PETERSON.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, ESQ.

Author of “Cruizings in the Late War,” &c.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore,

(a) We have concluded not to print the word which was written at this place ; but have piously supplied its place with a dash.—ED. OF ARISTIDEAN.

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore—
 She roamed where crept the brooklet still and slow.
 That too relentless, too obdurate fair—
 Who saw was lost. Ah! would he ne'er had seen!—
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
 And she was one whose brightness shamed the sun,
 Whose eye the sky at noon—whose voice so bland—
 'Twas "Yankee Doodle," played by SCUDDER's band—
 And well that voice an angel might have won—
 Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
 Is human love the growth of human will?

NEW YORK CITY, SEPT. 28th, 1845.

My dear Sir:—For old acquaintance sake, I comply with your request; but your attempt will be a failure. Reasoning *à priori*, I could demonstrate that it cannot succeed. But I will not waste my logic on an obstinate man.

Your obedient servant,
 EDGAR A. POE.

THE MAMMOTH SQUASH.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Green and specked with spots of golden,
 Never since the ages olden—
 Since the time of CAIN and ABEL,
 Never such a vegetable,
 So with odors sweetest laden
 Thus our halls appearance made in.
 Who—oh! who in kindness sent thee
 To afford my soul nepenthe?

"
 Rude men seeing thee, say—"Gosh!
 'Tis a most enormous squash!"
 But the one who peers within,
 Knowledge of himself to win,
 Says, while total silence reigns,
 Silence, from the Stygian shore—
 (Grim silence, darkling o'er)
 "This may perchance be but the skull
 Of ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE so dull—
 Its streaked, yellow flesh—his brains."

NEW YORK CITY, SEPT. 18th, 1845.

My dear boy:—With the greatest of pleasure. I am always happy to serve my friends. God bless you. Cordially, yours,
 GEO. P. MORRIS.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Where Nassau street right-angles Ann,
 And newsboys' voices clear

Shout out—"The Evening Mirror, sir?"

Where apple stands are near—
Next door to where a shop is kept
For books at second-hand—
I sit, and think upon "mi-boy,"
Far in a foreign land,

"

No more to my good-humor now,
His ready tongue replies—
My heart with bitter grief is full,
And even *fuller* sighs.
My handsome partner strives in vain,
My *general* grief to cheer;
"Mi-boy" to foreign shores has gone,
And weeps the "Brigadier."

— WORCESTER, 9th Mo. 3rd, 1845.

Esteemed friend:—Thy favor of the 1st of the last month has been received to-day. I send thee a trifle of mine; and hope the proceeds of thy proposed publication will be devoted to the cause of the poor slave. Touching the free negroes, of whose sufferings thou writest, they must wait for relief, until slavery be abolished. They should willingly defer their sensual gratification for the benefit of their brethren in bondage; and be content to live in wretchedness, and die of starvation, for the good of the cause.

Thine truly,

JNO. G. WHITTIER.

APPEAL TO THE NORTH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A sound upon old Plymouth rock;
Tossing, the giant reels!
Those fearful clanks our senses shock—
There's fetters on the negro's heels.
Those heels so long with chains are marred;
Those backs so broad with lashes scarred;
And human fiends, with faces grim;
Dig holes in every negro's limb,
Then fill them up with salt for him;
And fry him, all alive, in lard.

"

Awake! ye cotton spinners, wake!
Cobblers of LYNN arouse!
Your shuttles and your lapstones take,
And knit in wrath your honest brows.
And if your curses nought avail
To make these haughty Southrons quail;
If tar and feathers come to daunt
The soul within your forms so gaunt—
Just tell them that's not what you want;
And run, like HUBBARD, home again.

We have presented our readers with such a collection of gems, as were never before brought together. If they, and the correspondence, be not genuine—then we have been most shamefully imposed upon; and we would like to catch the rascal who did it.

ART. XV.—THE HOPE OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

GOD of heaven! has she perished?
 All on earth I ever cherished—
 Can a hope not yet be nourished?
 Say not, every hope is fled;
 Friend! physician! save her—save her!
 Oh! but knew you how I love her,
 You would try your soul's endeavor—
 It is vain then—she is dead.

Dead and gone, I know not whither,
 But her soul returns not hither!
 Could I only follow thither
 Thither joying would I fly—
 For in life is no more gladness,
 Only sorrowing and sadness;
 Living longer would be madness,
 It is better far to die.

Oh! then tell me not that sorrow,
 Such as mine can ever borrow
 Consolation from the morrow:—
 Morrow knows no joy for me;
 For each day brings some fresh token,
 That in vain kind words are spoken
 To the heart that has been broken—
 Ever broken must it be!

Shrouded in her long dark tresses,
 Feels she not my wild caresses?
 Feels she not the lip that presses—
 Presses hot upon her brow?
 Hears she not my widowed mourning?
 No! that eye once passion burning,
 Not an answer is returning;
 Coldly staring at me now.

I have seen what men call fairest—
 Each may think his own the rarest—
 But *my* soul conceived *her* nearest
 The embodiment of love;
 She is there still—look upon her!

For not yet decay hath won her—
 And though death's damp hand is on her,
 Does she not your pulses move ?

“
 Saw you e'er a cheek so tender ?
 Or a hand so white and slender ?
 Or a waist that would engender,
 Such a yearning to caress ?
 Saw you eye so liquid ever ?
 Or a lip so loving ? Never !
 'T would have made your heart strings quiver,
 But in life that lip to press.

“
 And she loved me—she had sworn it—
 She had won my heart, and worn it—
 Oh ! the anguish that hath torn it,
 They alone can know, who part
 With the one and only being,
 Who by Nature's kind decreeing,
 Hath been blended with their being,
 And entwined around their heart.

“
 She had neither father—mother—
 Sister, none ; nor yet a brother ;
 She and I were to each other
 All the world and all its joy ;
 And from hearts each day united,
 By our lips fresh vows were plighted—
 And our souls, with love enlightened,
 Never dreamt of its alloy.

“
 Oft at midnight from my sleeping,
 I have woke and found her weeping,
 And her jealous vigil keeping—
 Keeping o'er me in my sleep ;
 For her love was ever zealous—
 Never cold, and barely jealous—
 For the loss of such love, tell us,
 Is it strange that now I weep ?

“
 Oh ! then tell me not that sorrow
 Such as mine can ever borrow
 Consolation from the morrow—
 Morrow knows no joy for me—
 For each day brings some fresh token,
 That in vain are kind words spoken
 To the heart that has been broken—
 Ever broken must it be.

* * * * *

And I know 'tis vain, and folly
 Most profane and most unholy,

Thus to mourn, since fate hath lowly,
 Lowly laid that lovely form ;
 Yet far vainer were the notion,
 That a life-time of devotion
 Could allay the wild emotion
 Burning now my bosom warm.

“

No ! I cannot cease to mourn her
 Though 'tis God's own hand hath torn her,
 And his angel that hath borne her,
 To the home where angels dwell.
 As I gaze, remembrance reading
 In her dark eye's painful pleading,
 Fresh my heart begins its bleeding,
 And my life is hopeless hell.

“

Oh ! then tell me not that sorrow,
 Such as mine, can ever borrow
 Consolation from the morrow ;
 Morrow knows no joy for me :—
 For each day brings some fresh token,
 That in vain kind words are spoken,
 To the heart that has been broken ;
 Ever broken must it be.

* * * * *

And they tell me I am lonely—
 To the world I seem so only—
 But I never can be lonely ;
 For by day, in dreams by night,
 There's a love-born spirit near me ;
 And she seems to see and hear me ;
 And her dark eye smiles to cheer me,
 With its pure and holy light.

“

In the sun at mid-day brilliance,
 'Round me still her kind surveillance,
 Luring woos to sweetest dalliance—
 As when she was by my side :
 And when night is closing o'er me,
 In the darkling forms before me,
 Then an angel watching o'er me,
 Seems my own sweet spirit-bride.

“

In the midnight deep and sombre,
 In my lone and voiceless chamber,
 Pouring bliss into my slumber,
 O'er my bosom dark eyes beam—
 Till the sense is drunk—yet aching,
 With a thirst that knows no slaking—
 And my giddy soul awaking,
 Half denies it was a dream !

Could a love so well united—
 For our very souls were plighted—
 Could such love by death be blighted,
 Blighted never more to bloom?
 Oh! then give me hope that's sweeter—
 Tell me—tell me I shall meet her,
 And with burning kisses greet her,
 In a land beyond the tomb!

“

Yes! amidst my desolation—
 'Tis not fancy's false creation—
 That a strange, sweet consolation
 Heals my bleeding, broken heart:
 And it tells me, 'twill be given,
 For our hearts so rudely riven,
 To unite again in heaven
 Never---nevermore to part!

ART. XVI.—MARY.

MARY is a darling girl;
 Well she knows I love her dearly;
 But she does torment me so—
 Breaks my heart or very nearly.

“

MARY loves to all around
 To give her lips in balmy blisses—
 Kisses babes and little birds—
 But *my* lips she never kisses.

“

MARY loiters round about,
 Lays on every thing her fingers;
 But she never touches me,
 By *my* side she never lingers.

“

Would I could entreat the love,
 Of this little deer-eyed fairy—
 Won't you love me, little dove?
 Oh! *do* love me, darling MARY.

ART. XVII.—PHILOSOPHY; A FARCE.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.—GALVANUS GAMMON, a retired bacon merchant; HARRY NEVILLE, his nephew; FELIX FERRUGINOUS, L. L. D., a philosopher; PETER PUMP, a cockney servant; JOHN, a footman; PENELOPE SUGGES, a widow, GAMMON's sister; LUCY, daughter of GAMMON; SALLY, a servant maid.

Scene I.—*Exterior of GAMMON's house—in the country town. A rustic bench under a tree. Enter HARRY NEVILLE, from the house.*

HARRY—Was there ever such an obstinate old blockhead, since the days of LUD, as my guardian? He tells me I shall never marry his daughter till I am a great philosopher, and have done something to immortalize myself. I, a philosopher—a fiddlesticks! A fellow who goes about making himself ridiculous, by making a discovery of no earthly use, for people who know nothing about its merits—a fellow who revives an old idea, long since buried, and claims the admiration of the world for its temporary resurrection. Then LUCY will not have a cent, without her father's consent! True, I shall be rich enough myself, but not for two years—my father's will keeping my money back until I arrive at twenty-five. Two years to wait. For a man in love, the biggest slice from all time. I wish I was a philosopher—a stoic to bear it. Have I not borne the first honors at College? What the devil does old GAMMON want? [*Sits down at the side of the stage, with his head on the back of a bench.*] Enter Dr. FERRUGINOUS, R., dusty and tired.

FERRUGINOUS—To the devil with all railroads. Here is a pretty piece of work. Stopped for a moment while the car was taking in water to examine the dip and bearing of a projection of rock, when away went the cars, streaking it after the locomotive—five-and-twenty miles an hour—carrying away my luggage—two portmanteaus—a wig box, a hat-box, and a black leather trunk, letters F. F. on the top, in brass nails, and leaving me here, fifty miles from the city of New York, with fifty cents in my pocket, two specimens of sienite, and a snuff-box. And day after to-morrow is the day of meeting of the great Association of American philosophers, when I was to read my paper on the progressive changes of frogs, from tadpoledom to frog-hood. Bah! what's to be done? Walk the distance I suppose. I know nobody in this place; nobody knows me. [*HARRY, who has been listening, comes forward.*]

HAR.—How do you do, sir?

FEL.—How are you? [*going. L.*] Well, I had better go at once; the sooner I start the better. Fifty miles on foot!

HAR.—I think I can assist you in your difficulty.

FEL.—Eh! what—so you overheard me?

HAR.—Yes! pray come in, and I'll have some conversation with you.

FEL.—With the greatest pleasure. So here's a chance of my getting to NEW YORK after all. [*Exit FELIX and HARRY, in house. Enter GAMMON, PENELOPE and LUCY. R.*]

PENELOPE.—But then, my dear brother.

GAMMON.—Will you hold your tongue! Confound you, do you attempt to dictate to me. *You*, twenty years my junior; you to talk to a man of fifty—a man of experience—a man of sense—a gentleman of fortune and a philosopher.

PEN.—Now what possible objection can you have to HARRY. He will be rich shortly; is good-looking, clever, loves LUCY, and is a kind-hearted, good-natured young man. He is a little mischievous; but strictly correct, brother, strictly correct.

LUCY.—And I am sure, dear father, you used to approve of him.

GAM.—I tell you again are a pair of silly women. I grant that HARRY is all that you call him; he's a fine, young fellow; but then he is not a philosopher. I grant that I used to approve his addresses; but that was before I read the "Lives of the Philosophers." I have changed my mind; it is a mark of greatness to change one's mind. There is not an American politician of any note that has not changed his a dozen times at least.

PEN.—Yes! and a pretty mess some of them made of it.

GAM.—Very true; but they are gentlemen, nevertheless. Only look here, what HARRY might have been. Here is GEORGE PUMP, my PETER's brother, a poor boy. [*Takes out a paper and reads.*]

"Mr. Pump has received another letter from Mr. Faraday, the celebrated London chemist, in which he reiterates his intention to be present at the great meeting of the Ass. of American Philosophers, in this city. Mr. Faraday says he is anxious to converse with an unknown correspondent of his, who lives about fifty miles from New York city, and who, though young, is destined to be one of the great philosophers of the age. The name of this gentleman is not given, but he is said to be only three-and-twenty."

Three-and-twenty! just HENRY's age; but he is not distinguished; never will be.

PEN.—Well, its a very queer association. "The Ass. of American Philosophers."

GAM.—Oh! Ass. is an abbreviation; it means Association all the world over.

PEN.—I have no doubt of it.

GAM.—Fifty miles from New York! Why this is fifty miles from NEW YORK. I wonder whether it is in this direction. Who can he be? Three-and-twenty, and the correspondent of FARADAY. Bless me! If my Peter—

PEN.—YOUR PETER! He's everybody's PETER in this house.

GAM.—Don't trouble me. I wont listen to you now; not a bit of ii. [*Exit into house.*]

LUCY.—I declare I could cry. I will never marry a philosopher.

PEN.—That's right; never let them come near you. I know something about them—the deceitful—

LUCY.—*You*, aunt.

PEN.—Yes, I. About three years ago, two years after the death of poor Mr. SUGGES, I fell in love with a young man of about thirty, a great philosopher even then; a Dr. FELIX FERRUGINOUS. He wasn't like most of your philosophers. He could sing like a seraph and dance like a sylph. But I had no money, and he left me, saying he

was too poor to marry. He has grown famous since. *I* have money now, but he never comes near me.

LUCY.—My dear aunt!

PEN.—If you only knew how *I* loved him. Such eyes, and such a waistcoat! *I* mended three pairs of his gloves in one day. But he is a false, deceitful wretch.

LUCY.—Ah! my dear aunt.

PEN.—[*Sobbing.*] It's—too—too bad—a woman of my susceptibility. [*Cries.*]

LUCY.—Never mind, my dear aunt. Let us go in, and be composed. [*Exit into house. Enter PETER PUMP. L.*]

PETER.—Queer voman, that Missus SUGGES—werry queer. Pipin' her eye about a lovyer. Vimmin's all alike, any how; but my SALLY, bless her eyes, is about the best of the lot. But only think of my brother—aint seen him for ten years—a comin' to this country an' settin' up for a philosopher. My eyes, what a go.

GAM.—[*inside*] PETER!

PET.—Comin' sir.—Howsomever, he *was* a smart chap ven ve vere boys. He aluz licked me like blazes, ven *I* would'nt do his vork, an' said it vos good for the circulation. He said it attracted the blood to the surface, and be d——d to him. So it did, for *I* used to be as raw after it as a bit of underdone beef.

GAM.—[*inside*] PETER!

PET.—Comin', sir.—Now, if SALLY 'll*marry me, I've saved up enough to get a little farm, out vest, and the vay I'll go to raisin' turnips and little Pumps *will* be astonishin' to the natives.

GAM.—[*angrily*] PETER, *I* say!

PET.—Here *I* am, sir. [*Entering house.*]

GAM.—[*inside*] Where the devil have you been?

PET.—[*inside*] Philosophising, sir.

GAM.—[*inside*] D—n philosophy.

SCENE II.—*Interior of GAMMON's house.*

HARRY.—Now if we succeed, *I* think we have fixed the matter royally—if not—well, it is only to be tested.

Enter GAMMON with JOHN. R. U.

GAM.—This is queer—[*Reads*] “Professor FARADAY—F. R. S, London.” Why—HARRY! what do you think.

HAR.—Well, sir.

GAM.—Professor FARADAY—ths *great* FARADAY—the member of all the learned societies—the chemist—the philosopher—is below. What do you think of that?

HAR.—FARADAY! do you know him?

GAM.—Know him?—no! but he has come here, *I* suspect, in search of a young philosopher, imbedded in this region. *I* wonder who the famous young man is.

HAR.—Nonsense—he is probably merely taking a tour.

GAM.—Do you call my observation, nonsense? Harkye! young man! *I* have it in the newspaper, in my pocket. JOHN!

JOHN.—Yes, sir.

GAM.—Show the professor up. [*Exit JOHN. R.*]

GAM.—Now, sir, you shall see, the great man. [*Enter FELIX. R.*]
Mr. FARADAY, I believe.

FELIX.—That is the name I assume, sir, at your service.

GAM.—Sir, I am delighted to see you. I shall be happy if you will make this house your home, sir, while you stay in these parts.

FEL.—My stay will be limited. I have sent my baggage on before me—and shall follow it to-morrow—[*aside*] if this young chap forks over the money.—I believe, sir, you are somewhat of a philosopher, yourself.

GAM.—Since my retirement from business, I have studied some, sir. I have dabbled in chemistry—made some experiments in galvanism.

FEL.—Ah, sir—that is my hobby. I have just completed, and have in press, my great work on Galvanism—forty-eight octavo volumes.

GAM.—A work of much thought, doubtless.

FEL.—Why, rather; but the text is in the first volume. The remaining forty-seven are filled with notes. Galvanism! sir—a great science. Why, sir, when GORDON was hanged at PROVIDENCE—

GAM.—GORDON!—PROVIDENCE!

FEL.—Oh! I beg pardon—I have changed the venue, as the lawyers say. When SYLVESTER SPOONEY was hanged at NOTTINGHAM for the murder of his wife and six innocent babes, I obtained the body, and submitted it to my forty horse power galvanic battery.

GAM.—What followed?

FEL.—At the first shock, SPOONEY raised himself in a sitting posture, and glared at us with his open eyes.

GAM.—Horrible!

FEL.—No, such thing—delightful. Great triumph of science. To secure the vitality, I gave him another gentle shock. He put out his forefinger and thumb, reached to where I stood [*takes out snuff-box*] with my open box in my hand [*opens it*], and inserting his digital extremities, took a pinch of snuff. [*Snuffs.*] Have a pinch, Mr. GAMMON.

GAM.—Wonderful! no, thank you.

FEL.—All would have went very well; but a mischievous assistant threw on the solution again. A tremendous shock followed—SPOONEY sprang from the table, struck me a blow on the *os frontis*, applied his foot to the *os coccygis* of the assistant, who was stooping over the machine—banged up the sinister sheriff's dexter eye, gained the door, and darted down stairs.

GAM.—Dreadful!

FEL.—The passengers in the street thought the naked man was mad; one old lady went into convulsions—he didn't mind her—flew down the street, snatched the hat from the head of a dandy, a coat and pantaloons from a clothier's door, a shirt and handkerchief from a linen store ditto, a pair of boots from another place, popt up an alley, dressed himself, ran to the rail-road depot just as the cars were starting, jumped on—and we arrived, to see him flying away at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. [*aside*] All my luggage, and be d——d to 'em! I'll prosecute the agents. [*snuffs.*]

GAM.—Well, sir, that is an extraordinary case.

FEL.—Think so! [*aside.*] Got the hint from LOVER's "Handy Andy."

—I have found out a new simple substance—nevillin—a substance analogous to nitrogen in some of its properties. I have succeeded in forming one or two compounds with it already.

HAR.—*You* discovered it, you say.

GAM.—Hold your tongue, sir—don't interrupt, Mr. FARADAY.

FEL.—Why, no, young gentleman, the honor of the discovery can not be monopolised by me. The real cause of the discovery, and one whom I credited it to, when I related the circumstances to the society, is the young man in this quarter, whom I come to seek. It is rather droll too. Do you know, sir, this young man has a guardian—a very sensible, shrewd and learned man—he says, in his letter to me, who finds fault with his laziness, never dreaming that his ward is on the very brink of an undying reputation. Picture the good old gentleman's surprise—ha! ha!

GAM. and HAR.—Ha! ha! ha!

FEL.—And that is the reason I came to you. On inquiring in the village for my young philosopher, I was told you knew his whereabouts, and so I came.

GAM.—*I* know his whereabouts. Pray, what is his name?

FEL.—Oh! I have named the new element after him. His name, sir, is ——— [*To HARRY.*] Pray, sir, what do you mean by winking and making signs at me to stop?

GAM.—Be quiet, sir, or leave the room.

FEL.—No, let him stay. Let him expire with envy to know that a young man, who cannot be much his senior, and probably is not so old, has won a great reputation, while he lounges about here doing nothing.

GAM.—Yes, so I have told him—but the name.

FEL.—HARRY NEVILLE.

GAM.—HARRY NEVILLE!

HAR.—[*Angrily.*] There, sir; all my plan spoiled. I had intended to have surprised and delighted my guardian after the discovery had reached the newspapers, and now, sir, *now*—

GAM.—[*After a long breath.*] HARRY NEVILLE!

FEL.—Well, sir, and who are you? What does this mean?

GAM.—Why—but I am so astonished, I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels—why, I am the shrewd, sensible and learned guardian, and that is HARRY NEVILLE—the sly philosopher.

FEL.—You don't say so. I should not have guessed it. [*To HARRY.*] My dear sir, I am delighted to see you. I mentioned our secret to the Royal Society just before I embarked, and they have elected you a Fellow. You are F. R. S. as well as myself. I have your diploma in my trunk. [*Aside.*] Curse it! I hope they're all safe.

GAM.—HARRY NEVILLE, an F. R. S.! Why, HARRY!

HAR.—Well, sir.

GAM.—Come here, sir, [*Aside to HARRY.*] You shall have Lucy; but I must witness your triumph first. [*Aloud.*] I will go down to the meeting myself, sir. Excuse me, while I go and give orders. [*Exit GAMMON, R. U.*]

HAR.—Here's the devil to pay.

FEL.—Why, what's the matter now?

HAR.—Matter enough to thwart me. He'll go down to the meeting of your Association, and I'll be blown.

FEL.—Umph! Well, let me see. Oh! I'll arrange it. More lying, for the sake of philosophy. Let me alone. Keep perfectly quiet—seem satisfied, and I will get you Lucy.

HAR.—Will you! oh! how shall I repay you?

FEL.—Get me down to NEW YORK, in time to attend the meeting, and I'm satisfied. Zounds! if my Essay on Frogs should be lost? Get away—get away! and let me alone to finish the business.

PET.—[*Outside.*] Come to my room, Lucy, I have a letter to show you. LUCY, I say.

FEL.—Eh! what—that voice. Whose is it?

HAR.—LUCY's aunt—Mrs. SUGGES.

FEL.—By Jove, an old flame of mine—oh! I must go.

HAR.—No! don't, for mercy's sake. What's the story?

FEL.—Oh! a short one—I loved her, she me—neither of us had money—so we parted.

HAR.—You love her still.

FEL.—Adore her—next to my Essay on Frogs.

HAR.—Well, marry her, she has money now. Her aunt left her a snug fortune.

FEL.—But my desertion—my—

HAR.—I'll explain it. I'll swear you came disguised to steal her. There—I'll go about your business—you'll attend to mine. Remember—I rely on you.

FEL.—And I on you.

HAR.—Never fear *me*. [*Exit HARRY. L. U.*]

FEL.—Oh! PENELOPE! A snug fortune! I wonder how much it is. That's the philosophy. Matrimony is a very pretty chemical experiment—but when you make it a matter of money, you have found the true philosopher's stone. But here comes old GAMMON. [*Enter GAMMON. R. U.*] How do you do, sir—this is a wonderful surprise, eh?

GAM.—You're right, sir. I shan't get over it for a month. To think on the slyness of HARRY! Well, he'll gain what he wishes.

FEL.—I hope I shall gain my wish.

GAM.—What's that?

FEL.—You can aid me.

GAM.—How?

FEL.—Listen. In the first place, has HARRY any fortune?

GAM.—He will have fifty thousand dollars, in two years.

FEL.—I am glad of it. He will become very famous; and doubtless would take up my discoveries where I leave off, were I connected with him. Now I have a niece, at NEW YORK, a lovely girl, and if he were to see her, he'd fall in love with her, I'm sure. She shall have all I'm worth, when I die, and I've accumulated a pretty sum, I can tell you. Half a plum, at least.

GAM.—Ah!

FEL.—Keep it quiet. I'll wager you ten dollars to a tenpenny piece, that he'll be a nephew of mine, in less than three months.

GAM.—I don't think so. I'll take your bet. He's in love with another.

FEL.—Pooh! that's nothing. He's ambitious—he knows that with his advantages, connected with me, in a few years, he'd be the first chemist in the world. Wealth, a lovely girl, and fame—what young man could withstand it? But I'll take a stroll in the garden. Excuse me. [*Exit FELIX. R.*]

GAM.—'Gad! he's right—I'd better secure this marriage at once. No telling the minds of young men now-a-days. When I was a young man, a youngster in love would hold on to his passion, like a politician to a place in the customs. Here comes the lovers. [*Enter LUCY and HARRY. R.*] Come here, LUCY.

LUCY.—Yes, sir.

GAM.—I give my consent to your marriage to HARRY. Here JOHN! [*Enter JOHN. L.*] Accompany your mistress, and Mr. NEVILLE, to Squire BUCKLE's. They are going to be married.

LUCY.—But, dear father, this is so sudden. I—

GAM.—Nonsense, go—go—

LUCY.—But won't you accompany us?

GAM.—No—no! I shall stay and amuse Professor FARADAY. Go along, now. [*Exit LUCY, HARRY, and JOHN. R.*] Ha! ha! I think I've settled the Professor now. I'll go and get ready for dinner. [*Exit GAMMON. R. U. Enter PENELOPE. L. U.*]

FEL.—Heigho! so the dear doctor came to see me, in this disguise. He still loves me. How delighted I am. Here he comes. [*Enter FELIX. R.*]

FEL.—My dear PENELOPE! Let us at once unite our destinies.

PEN.—Oh! no, impatient man.—This is too sudden.

FEL.—Come, my dear, delicious, lovely angel. Star of my destiny! Laughing gas of my existence! Let Squire BUCKLE unite us. Come—come!

PEN.—Would you like me to go without my bonnet?

FEL.—Only next door, and—

PEN.—But for three years, I have not heard of you.

FEL.—And why?—I will be candid with you. I loved you. I could not maintain a wife, and I would not link you to poverty. Now—we can be married without misery.—If you believe my motives to be sordid, and that I do not love you now as ever, for yourself alone, reject me.

PEN.—You have my answer with my hand. [*Gives her hand.*]

FEL.—I will explain this haste as we go. [*Exit FELIX with PENELOPE. R. Enter PETER with SALLY. R. S.*]

PET.—Now, SALLY, vot's the use. There's the young couple, an' the old couple ran off to be married, an' we may as well go too. It's a plot agin' old GAMMON.

SALLY.—But I don't like.

PET.—Oh! but you will though, when you're married. [*Exit with SALLY. R. the latter with assumed reluctance. Enter GAMMON. R. U.*]

GAM.—[*Looking at watch.*] Ten minutes.—It should be all over. Gad! I've gammoned the Professor nicely. [*Enter LUCY and HARRY. R.*] All right, eh! Married?

HAR.—Let me present to you Mrs. NEVILLE.

GAM.—I'm the happiest wag in the world. [*Enter FELIX and PE-*

NELOPE.] Ah! Professor, I claim those ten dollars. This is Mr. and Mrs. NEVILLE. I've won the bet.

FEL.—I'll ask my wife here to pay you. The infernal railroad cars have my trunks. Let me introduce you to Mrs. FERRUGINOUS.

GAM.—To whom? Why, sister? Pray, what does this mean? Ain't you Professor FARADAY?

FEL.—Not, a bit of it—but just as good—Professor FERRUGINOUS.

GAM.—Well, then, I have been—[Enter PETER with SALLY. R.]

PET.—Gammoned, sir; that's all.—Let me introduce to you, Mrs. PUMP.

GAM.—Mrs. PUMP be damned!—This is a—a—plot.

FEL.—I am decidedly of that opinion. But the effervescence, when the experiment has been completed, is entirely needless.

GAM.—And I have been cheated out of my consent—fooled—humbugged—and LUCY will have her aunt's fortune. I'll be revenged on the pack of you.—I'll leave my money to the Historical Society, on condition, as they're hunting a name for the country, they'll call it—GAMMONLAND.

FEL.—Better not, sir. Forgive the plot of a young lover. If he's not a philosopher, he's a married man—and may not be long married before he'll be in need of a great deal of philosophy.

ART. XVIII.—THE POET'S FAREWELL.

THEY kept me from thee many a day;
 They would not let me, dear one, see thee—
 They told me, in life's crowded way,
 My love would finally find its Lethè;
 That I, while other loves beset thee
 With presents rare and flattery fair,
 Would find some other and forget thee.
 My earnest prayers, my bitter tears,
 My piteous pleadings never heeded—
 They strove to make thee hate my name
 And me—and well they have succeeded.

“

Thine ear may never hear how dear
 Thou wert to me—of all the dearest;
 And how this blow relentless proves
 Of many woes by far severest;
 And in thy life's delights Elysian
 Thy soul no less of happiness
 Shall taste for this thy sad decision.
 But all my joys I feel expire;
 Hope's fire has darkened to an ember;
 This is the sunny month of MAY,
 And earth shall wrap me ere DECEMBER.

ART. XIX.—THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS. (a)

THE entrance of JEHANNE of ARC, into ORLEANS, had operated in as extraordinary a manner on the minds of the besiegers as on those of the besieged. While to the latter her presence brought comfort; to the former it was productive of anxiety. The English leaders had laughed, at first, when told that a woman had offered herself to CHARLES VII., saying she was commissioned of heaven to drive them from FRANCE. But the rumour that this woman was truly inspired spread through the land. The people spake of miracles she had performed; and let it be remembered that the epoch was one of faith and superstition, in which the world believed with facility in extraordinary things, either coming from God, or proceeding from SATAN. As JEHANNE had predicted it had come to pass. The convoy had passed harmless twice; once in ascending, and once in descending the LOIRE, within gun-shot of the English batteries. The first prophecy of the PUCELLE having been fulfilled, there was great trouble in the English camp.

Either JEHANNE guessed the effect her bold movement had produced, or she was inspired by a belief in the divinity of her mission, for the day after her arrival she proposed to make a sally upon the English. But DUNOIS, the Sire de GAMACHE, and several other brave captains, whose names showed it was not through fear they opposed the project, were of a contrary opinion. JEHANNE, who believed that the king had given her the chief command of the army, insisted with all the obstinacy of confidence, and in fact, was about carrying her point, when the Sire de GAMACHE, irritated by that commanding tone in a woman, rose, and when JEHANNE had finished her words, said to la HIRE, and the Sire d'ILLIERS, who were of the maid's opinion—"Since you listen to the advice of a girl of low descent, more than to that of a belted knight, I will oppose it no more. In time and place my good sword will speak, and perhaps I may perish in it; but as the king and my honor need it, henceforth I quit my banner, and am no more than a poor esquire. I had better have for my lord a nobleman than a girl, who has been—I know not what." With these words, taking down his banner, he folded it, and placed it in the hands of the Count de DUNOIS.

DUNOIS, as we have said, was of the contrary opinion to JEHANNE—it is probable he had little faith in the authenticity of her mission—but he understood the profit to be drawn from the confidence she inspired in others. So he interfered between JEHANNE and the Sire de GAMACHE, saying to the latter, he should be ready to meet him where or when he should wish, and he was one of those who received no orders save from God and his king; and to the former, that it was but a short delay, for they should fight as soon as a reinforcement, which he expected, arrived. He addressed himself to calm all irritation, and succeeded so well that the two opponents were reconciled, though rather reluctantly. DUNOIS was satisfied, hoping that all ill feeling would vanish on the battle-field.

(a) From the French of Alexandre Dumas.

What chiefly appeased JEHANNE was the promise that he would personally start for BLOIS, in order to hasten the arrival of the convoy and reinforcement. For her own part she wished to employ herself, and dictating a second letter to the English lords, in nearly the same terms as the first—she signed it with her cross. She called AMBLEVILLE, her second herald, and commanded him to carry it to the Earl of SUFFOLK, but the herald made JEHANNE remark that GUYENNE, the carrier of the first letter had not returned; and that, far from letting him free, the English, against the law of nations, had retained him a prisoner, and threatened to burn him as a heretic. JEHANNE comforted him.

"In the name of God," said she, with her usual confidence, "go in all security, for they will not hurt you at all, neither you nor your companion. Tell TALBOT if he takes arms I will take them also. If he conquer me he can have me burned; provided, he agree if I conquer him to raise the siege and return with his forces to ENGLAND."

All this did not reassure the alarmed AMBLEVILLE: but the Count de DUNOIS gave him a letter for the Earl of SUFFOLK, in which he menaced the English general, that the life of all the English prisoners and the heralds sent to treat for ransom, would be a pledge for the safety of the PUCELLE's two messengers-at-arms. As JEHANNE had predicted, the two heralds were sent back that evening; but there was no answer returned to the two letters.

The following day, after having with la HIRE, escorted the Count de DUNOIS a league on his way from the city of BLOIS, the PUCELLE determined to repeat orally to the English what she had already told them in writing. So she ascended one of the bulwarks opposite the English bastille de TOURNELLES, and at sixty paces distance, ordered them, under penalty of misfortune and shame to retire, not only from before the city but from the kingdom. Sir WILLIAM GLEDESDALE, who with the bastard of GRENVILLE commanded the bastille, answered JEHANNE with gross insults: telling her to go back to her cows, and calling her an unbeliever. So long as these insults, gross as they were, remained personal, she listened patiently, but when they were directed against Frenchmen, she cried—"You lie; and since you will not go hence with good will, you shall by force; but you who insult me will not live to witness the departure."

In the meanwhile the bastard of ORLEANS, with the Duke of RETZ and de LONE marched to BLOIS, where they arrived the day after, toward evening. They instantly on their arrival went to the king's council, and stated the urgent need of a new convoy of provisions, and a reinforcement, of which the besieged city stood in great need: their request was granted; and they decided that for more haste they would pass through BEANCE, instead of, as before, through SOLOGNE. This they resolved in contempt of the English; for since the happy success of JEHANNE, the king's army had resumed such confidence, that, according to the anonymous chronicles of the PUCELLE, before she came, two hundred Englishmen had chased four hundred Frenchmen; and after her coming two hundred Frenchmen chased four hundred Englishmen.

They made such diligence in collecting provisions and soldiers that

on the third day of MAY the convoy was ready. It started at nine in the morning, and at evening stopped half way from BLOIS to ORLEANS, at a village which the chronicles name not, but which must have been BEAUGENCY, or SAINT COY. On the fourth they continued the march to the city, and had decided to force their way through, though the English were more than twice their number; but as the bastard came in sight of the city, he saw the PUCELLE, with la HIRE and most of the captains-at-arms, who came to meet him, in good order and with unfolded ensigns. They soon joined the two sets of troops, and marched by the English, who dared not leave the bastilles to attack them, but suffered the second convoy to enter the city as unmolested as the first.

The Count de DUNOIS found the garison encouraged by the presence of many men-at-arms, who had come on the previous day from MONTARGES, GILU, and CHATEAU RENORD; so that it was agreed between him and JEHANNE that they would resume the offensive on the following day.

JEHANNE was much fatigued, for, on the two previous days, she had been obliged to receive at her lodging all the notable people, as well as to go through the city in order to show herself to the citizens. On the previous night too, she had remained armed, lest the bastard should come and need help. Trusting in the promise made her, she threw herself, dressed, on the bed, and fell asleep.

In the meanwhile, some notables of the city seeing the garrison comforted by JEHANNE's presence and the new receipt of provisions, thought fit, in the moment of recreation, to gather together numbers of the common people and execute a sally. This was directed against the bastille le LOUP, one of the strongest and best defended. It was commanded by a valiant captain, named GUERRORD, and was well provided with men-at-arms and munitions. The French were vigorously received; but as they had resumed in their enthusiasm additional courage, they persisted to the walls, giving blow for blow, and death for death; so that the combat was continued on both sides with more terrible fury than had been known before since the commencement of the siege.

Suddenly JEHANNE, who as we have said, had thrown herself on the bed, and had slept from about one o'clock, awoke, shouting—

"To me, my 'squire! to me, Sire d'AULOY, to me!"

"What is the matter?" asked d' AULOY, entering her room.

"This," said JEHANNE, springing from her bed, and taking her helmet, "the French are fighting before a bastille, and I must be armed, for many are already killed and wounded." And she armed herself, shouting "My horse! my horse! As d' AULOY could not arm her and go out also, he finished to the breast-plate, and was about to go—JEHANNE stopped him.

"Stay!" she said, "arm yourself; I will look for my horse myself."

She took a small battle-axe in her hand, and descended the stairs so fast that she forgot her banner which was in her room. On the stairs she met her hostess.

"Alas!" she said, "the blood of our men flow on the ground, and

you did not awaken me. You were wrong." and she went on crying—"My horse! my horse!" At the door she found her page playing.

"Bad boy!" she said, "not to awaken me when so much blood is lost to FRANCE. Go! make haste! my horse! my horse!"

While JUNIZEB ran to the stable, she perceived she had forgotten her banner, and called to d' AULOY, who handed it to her from the window—JEHANNE unfolded it. At that moment her horse was brought; she vaulted on it, in spite of her armour's weight, as lightly as the best knight, and without inquiring the direction of the bastille, she dashed at full gallop along the streets, her horse striking fire at every bound from the stones in the streets. At the gate of BURGUNDY she met a man of the city, whom they brought back wounded. Stopping her horse, she said, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, "I cannot see the blood of Frenchmen without horror."

But the noise of arms, coming nearer, and the shouting of the runaways, reminded JEHANNE that she came not to pity. She dashed through the gate, and saw the French coming back in great disorder, pursued by the English. Then she redoubled her speed, raising her banner and shouting—"Courage! she comes,—the PUCELLE! she comes—God's daughter!" and without caring whether she were followed, spurred her horse amid the densest ranks of the English.

This apparition produced a double effect—the French resumed courage, and the English were affrighted. The result was a wavering in the besiegers' ranks, of which JEHANNE took advantage to call back the runaways. At her voice they stopped suddenly, and then returned to the charge. In the meantime, d' AULOY, and several others appeared at the gate of BURGUNDY, running out with their men to help JEHANNE. Every one rushed as he best could on the English, remarking with wonder, that since the maid's arrival no Frenchman had been wounded, whilst they seemed to strike all mortal blows. The English were pursued so close that the French entered with them, pell-mell, into the bastille, and in an instant after JEHANNE's triumphant banner floated from the walls.

TALBOT, who commanded the bastille of SAINT LAURENT, desired to assist his comrades; but the Count de DUNOIS, followed by the Sire de GREVILLE, the Marshal de BOUSSAC, the Baron de COULEAGE, and a part of the garrison, warned of the movement, placed themselves between the English and the attacked bastille, offering battle, which for a long time they had not dared to do. And at this time the English feared to attack, and JEHANNE had sufficient time to achieve her victory.

In fact, the bastille once entered, only half the work was done. The fortress had been built with a church, whose thick walls had been used, so that the English took refuge in the steeple, which they converted into a citadel: but the French pursued them thither with fury. Many were killed on the stairs; many were hurled from the platform; and more than two hundred were slain there. But few English were saved; and these having found the clothing of the priests in the vestry, tried to escape in disguise. The fury of the French was such, that this would not have availed had not JEHANNE ordered her men

to spare them, in honor of the dress they wore. They were then received at ransom, and brought to the city as prisoners of war.

That the bastille might no longer serve as a retreat to the English, it was burnt and demolished, after they had taken from it all the provisions and munitions.

The PUCELLE entered ORLEANS with the other chiefs; but no one could deny that to her belonged the glory of the whole day. She had been miraculously informed of the fight; she had found her way to the bastille de LOUP without a guide, all unknown to her as it was; and, without doing anything, but advancing and striking slight blows with her lance-handle and the small battle-axe she carried, had changed rout into victory. At her entrance all the bells rang, as if unseen hands moved them in the air; and the English from their camp could hear the joyful peals, celebrating the victory of her whom they had derisively called a cow-keeper, and branded as a sorceress.

JEHANNE, after she had entered, desired the English should have no relaxation, and urged that, profiting by the dismay, they should be attacked on the following day. But the chiefs of the army bade JEHANNE observe that the next day was one of festival, it was good for the LORD's glory, to pass the LORD's day in prayer. With difficulty she consented to their wishes, saying, that the best way to praise God was to obey him, and that he commanded her to fight the enemy. As she saw the general opinion was contrary to hers, she decided to use that day of repose, to summon once more the English to raise the siege. She went on the end of a bridge, about three-fourths of which was broken, opposite which was a strong bastille, commanded by GLEDSDALE. Having tied this third letter to an arrow's extremity, she ordered an archer to shoot it into the entrenchments of the foe. The archer shot the arrow among the English, JEHANNE at the same time crying—"Read!"—but they tore the letter instead of reading it. Then she cried out—"In God's name, I tell you that you are wrong. It is the will of our LORD that you raise this siege and depart." But, as before, the English only answered by insults, and these were so gross and offensive, that she could, at first, only reply by her tears. Then lifting her head, she exclaimed—"The LORD knoweth that your charges and words are false." At this, her eyes seemed to behold a vision, her tears dried up, a smile appeared on her lips, and turning to the men-at-arms who accompanied her, she exclaimed—"Praised be God! I have news from heaven."

The next day at dawn, JEHANNE and the principal chiefs of the army, assembled the troops destined for the expedition beyond the LOIRE. As there were a number of batteaux at the disposition of the Sire de GANCOURT, governor of the city, JEHANNE crossed with la HIRE, and the troops, to a small islet near the left bank. Two boats placed here, formed a bridge, by which the opposite shore could be easily reached, and the detachment thus landed on the left bank.

This mode was taken because it was expected that the English would oppose the landing. But, instead, they abandoned the first bastille, that of St. JEAN LE BLANC, first rendering it useless, and retreated to the second, that of the AUGUSTINS, close to the bulwark of the TOURNELLES. Emboldened by this, JEHANNE moved on with

fifty men only, a part of the vanguard ; for the remainder of the troops were yet occupied in crossing from the islet, a movement rendered tedious by the smallness of the bridge.

But JEHANNE counted neither the numbers with her, nor those of the enemy. Inspired of heaven, the ordinary calculations of man were nothing to her. She advanced to the bulwarks, and planted her banner at half-arrow shot from the walls, then turning, called to those who had followed her to advance. At that moment a shout arose, that the English were coming with great force from the port of SAINT RIVE ; and the men-at-arms, mostly raw soldiers, turned and fled. Fifteen men, however, remained ; and with this small troop she retired, slowly and in good order. As soon as they saw her retreating, the English sallied in great numbers from the bastille des AUGUSTINS, and pursued her with loud mockery and insult. Although so few were with her she stopped, returned, and charged the English. In a terror generated by a sudden conviction of the divinity of her mission, the English turned and fled before the staff of her standard, as a flock of sheep before the crook. JEHANNE followed them with the fifteen faithful men, and the remainder of the fifty who had now sallied. All those who had crossed the river, seeing her engaged with the English, came hurrying on to her aid. She now found herself at the head of a considerable troop, which became increased by the whole of the vanguard brought up by the Sire de RETZ. She marched straight to the palisades ; a Spaniard, called the Sire de PARTADA, with the Sire d'AULOY, made an opening, through which JEHANNE instantly passed, and they saw her banner waving over the points. Every one followed, widening the passage to a considerable breach. The English fought bravely ; but no human courage could resist men animated by the wrath of God. The bastille was taken ; and fearing her soldiers might delay to pillage it, and allow the English chance for revenge, she set it on fire with her own hands.

The steeples and the roofs of ORLEANS were covered by a crowd of people, who followed with their eyes the heroic advance of the PUCELLE, animating her by their shouts and clapping their hands, as spectators do at the theatre. When they saw the sacred standard flying on the bastille, all the bells were rung in token of victory. The PUCELLE ordered her men to pass the night on the ground, promising to return with fresh forces, in the morning. As for herself, having hurt her foot in the *melée*, and fasted all day—it being FRIDAY—she returned to the city to take some rest and refreshment. No longer sustained by the fervour of the combat, she suffered from fatigue and hunger.

In the evening a council of war was held. It was agreed that since nothing hindered the arrival of reinforcements, the bastilles SAINT LOUP, ST. JEAN LE BLANC and des AUGUSTINS, no more existing, they would not risk the taking of troops from the city, which, in the absence of three-fourths of its defenders, was liable to be taken by a *coup de main*.

JEHANNE was informed of this determination. " You have been to your council," said she ; " I have been to mine. The advice of God is the reverse of yours, and it will stand while yours will perish. Be

ready early to-morrow ; for I have more to do then, than I have done yet. Then, too," and she sighed as she spoke, "blood will flow from my body—I shall be wounded."

The PUCELLE passed a very uneasy night. She awoke from moment to moment, fearing that the English would fall on her men, and ran to the window to listen for the noise of an attack. At each time the wife of JAMES BOUCHER, her hostess, who attended her in her room, endeavored to assure her, by saying that the English were more inclined after their reverses, to fly than fight. JEHANNE would then return to bed, but only for a short time ; and such was her uneasiness, that she was up and armed before daylight.

Before going out, she repeated, with an involuntary shudder, her presentiment that she would be wounded.

"Then, why do you make a sally ?" inquired her hostess.

"God impels me," replied the PUCELLE.

As she was about to depart, some sailors brought to JAMES BOUCHER, a very large fish. "Stay with us," said the old man, "and we shall eat this fish."

"No," said JEHANNE, "no ; wait till supper time, for I will be back to share it, by the bridge ; and I will bring some of the English to help me eat it."

"God hear you," said BOUCHER, "for to come back by the bridge, you must take the bastille de TOURNELLES."

"With God's aid," replied she, "we shall take it. Doubt it not."

With these words she departed. It was half-past seven o'clock, in the morning. Reaching the gate of BURGUNDY, she found it shut. This had been done by the orders of the Sire de GANCOURT, agreeably to the decision of the council against a sally. But JEHANNE said, that the council's orders concerned her not ; she was a chief of war ; and that a power more sovereign than the council commanded her to make a sally. A riot was the result of this discussion, and they ran to inform the sire de GANCOURT, who came down ; but whatever he said, did not affect JEHANNE, who adhered to her position. The people again began to murmur in her favor. The governor endeavored to speak ; but she drowned his voice with her own.

"You are a wicked man," said she ; "but you will not have the power to oppose God's will. The men-at-arms will sally forth in spite of you ; the men-at-arms will obey my voice, not yours ; the men-at-arms will follow me, and gain a victory, under my banner, as they have before."

"Yes !" cried the soldiers and the people, "JEHANNE is our only chief. We will follow no other."

As the governor still was refractory, they rushed with fury on him and his suite, and would have slain them, but for the interposition of the PUCELLE. Finally, the gate was opened, JEHANNE sallied forth, and the multitude in her train.

As on the previous day, the PUCELLE crossed the river in a boat, holding her horse, who came swimming after, by the bridle. Arrived at the opposite bank, she raised her banner, and her soldiers, who had passed the night encamped, seeing her return to fulfil her promise, and place herself at their head, raised the shout—"To arms ! to arms !"

Without giving time for this ardor to cool, she ordered them to advance and storm.

The bastille des *TOURNELLES* was the strongest of all. There Sir *WILLIAM GLEDESDALE* had enclosed himself, with the choicest of the English soldiery. It was built on an arch of the broken bridge, so that it was insulated from the shore, about one third of the river's breadth, the *LOIRE* forming its ditch, on all sides. Besides, a bulwark, perfectly fortified, and communicating with the bastille by means of a draw-bridge, was on the left bank, defending the approaches. So that it was necessary first, to take this; and that achieved, not half the work was done.

With her usual confidence, the *PUCELLE* advanced to the combat; and she soon saw, hastening to her aid, all the captains-at-arms, who were ashamed to see a woman fighting alone. Along galloped, followed by their retainers, the flower of the French knighthood—the bastard of *ORLEANS*, the *Sires de RETZ, de GANCOURT, de GAMACHE, de GRANVILLE, de GUITTEY, de VILLERS, de CHAILLY, de COARAZE, de THERMES, de GONTANT*, and the admiral *GALANT*, with *la HIRE* and *de XAINTRAILLES*. Seeing this array approaching, *GLEDESDALE* called to his men, telling them they were the flower of those who had conquered at *CRECY, POITIERS*, and *d'AZINCOURT*—and those whom they fought there were men, not a woman. The English answered with a shout, and the attack began.

From the first shock, seeing the fury with which the attack was made and resisted, every one understood that it was a supreme and mortal contest, and that this day should be a decisive one for *FRANCE* and *ENGLAND*.

From ten o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon, the assault was kept up. Every one fought, not with the cold regularity of a general battle, but with the eagerness of a private duel. Every one chose his foe, attacked him, and either conquered or was overthrown. The French chiefly used their swords and lances. The English struck with masses of lead and iron axes; throwing down heavy rafters; breaking the ladders with enormous stones; and casting over lime, boiling oil, and melted lead. During all these three hours, the voice of the *PUCELLE* was heard above all others, shouting "Courage!" During three hours they saw her banner before all others, still ascending or descending. Finally, fatigued and repulsed at all parts, the French fell back, in despite of *JEHANNE's* efforts. Eager as ever she shouted, "Courage! advance! in a short time they will be at our mercy." And willing to set them an example, she set a ladder against the walls, and ascended alone, crying, "Surrender, Englishmen! Surrender! or, it is God's will that you die!"

At that moment, an arrow struck her shoulder, and entering above her breast, came out five inches behind her neck. This was what *JEHANNE* had predicted. She raised a cry of pain, and coming down from the ladder, fell in the ditch. The English sallied from the bulwark to take her, and the French knights rushed to her rescue. The *Sire de GAMACHE* was the first, and felling with his axe two who had tried to seize her, cried:—"JEHANNE! you are a brave girl; I spoke ill of you. I ask your pardon. Take my horse, and without rancor,"

"Yes; without rancor, gallant knight;" said JEHANNE, giving her hand. They then carried her a hundred paces from the bulwark, for she tried vainly to mount the horse, and then disarmed her. JEHANNE put her hand to the arrow in the wound, and found it projected nearly half a foot from her back. At this the woman supplanted the warrior, her weakness, her strength; and she began to weep. Suddenly, her tears stopped; she lifted her eyes to heaven; her face assumed a radiant appearance; and he lips whispered something which no one around heard or understood. Her inspiration had returned to comfort her.

Directly that the vision vanished from her mind JEHANNE felt new strength and confidence, and taking the arrow with her hands, drew it from the wound. Then one of the men-at-arms who had assisted to carry her, came near, and offered to charm the wound with magical words. But she shrank from him, exclaiming—"I would rather die than fight against God's will. If one can close the wound by mortal means let him do it; but without, let it remain open." Then another came, who placed on it a dressing of cotton, wet with oil, which greatly alleviated her suffering.

At this moment DUNOIS came to advise her to retire—a retreat being ordered, and the cannoniers having begun to carry away their cannon. At this she resumed her strength, put on her arms, and leaving her banner in the hands of a soldier, rushed into the midst of the chiefs, shouting—

"In God's name, courage! for we shall enter soon,! Give a little rest to your men; let them eat and drink; then resume the assault, and we shall triumph."

But so dismayed were they, after that long and vain conflict, that the bravest were in favour of re-entering the city. At this moment d'AULOY, thinking if JEHANNE's banner were raised in advance, every one would follow, strove to take it from the hands of the soldier to whom it had been entrusted. The latter, proud of his trust, would not yield it: d'AULOY proposed they should go together, which was agreed upon, and taking each other's hands, the two ran to the ditch, crying—"Forward! men-at-arms, forward!"

That which d'AULOY foresaw came to pass; without heeding the chiefs, the soldiers and towns-people rushed to the bulwark. JEHANNE, who had retired to a vineyard near by, to pray that God would restore courage to the weak-hearted, hearing a great noise, raised her eyes and saw the men-at-arms returning to the assault. She threw herself into the thickest of the crowd, struggled forward to her banner, took it from the soldier's hand, waving it with all her might. The effect of her appearance was magical. The most distant returned—the faint-hearted plucked up courage. The English, who believed JEHANNE to be dead, or mortally wounded, were alarmed to see her again, armed and vigorous, and apparently sound. It seemed to them as though a miracle had effected the cure, and that God fought for FRANCE. At that moment, to increase their confusion, the citizens of ORLEANS, led by the commander of GUYENNE, came to attack the bastille by way of the bridge. A carpenter came with them and cast a beam over the broken arch of the bridge. The commander of Guy-

ENNE rushed upon it, crying—"To death with the English! to death!"

Sir WILLIAM GLEDESDALE hearing these cries, and fearing lest in his absence his men would defend themselves illy, started to proceed to that new spot of attack. JEHANNE saw him go to reach the drawbridge communicating with the bastille: "Surrender! GLEDESDALE, surrender!" cried she, "and I will grant thee mercy. You insulted me; but I have pity on thy soul, and the souls of thy soldiers." GLEDESDALE answered not; he had passed to the drawbridge, and was crossing it sword in hand. The Sire d' AULOY, who had set a brave cannonier to bombard the drawbridge, ordered him to fire. The huge stone, with which the cannon was loaded, struck the centre of the bridge, covered with those who had followed GLEDESDALE, and the bridge broke in two with an awful crash. Sir WILLIAM fell into the river, where he sank at once with the weight of his arms; and the sires de MOULINS and de POMME, with other brave English knights shared his fate.

A cry of despair issued from the bulwark and from the bastille. God visibly declared himself in favour of the French. An English soldier declared he saw the archangel MICHAEL, and SAINT AIGNON, the patron saint of the city, mounted in the air, on white horses, and with fiery swords in their hands, fighting against the English. Some jumped from the bulwarks into the river; others surrendered at discretion; and others, who would neither fly nor surrender, died with arms in their hands. As JEHANNE had said, not half an hour had elapsed before the bastille was taken.

As JEHANNE had told her hostess, she entered the city over the bridge.

That entrance was a greater triumph than any prepared before. Never had the miraculous nature of her mission so evidently appeared. All she had foretold had happened—she had been wounded; the bastille had been taken; and she returned by the way she had promised. *A te Deum* was sang; the bells rang all night; and the citizens walked the illuminated streets, embracing each other, and crying "Noël!" as a sign of thanksgiving.

JAMES BOUCHER expected JEHANNE to eat his fish; but she was too much fatigued, and in too much pain to partake of it. She ate a little bread, drank half a cup of wine and water, had her wound dressed, and retired to rest.

At daybreak they awoke JEHANNE, telling her there was a large blaze and thick smoke in the English camp. She arose immediately, put on a light coat of mail instead of her heavy armor, mounted her horse, and reaching the ramparts, saw the English in battle array. They had ranged their troops along the city's ditches, and appeared to offer battle to the French. During the night Lord TALBOT, the Earl of SUFFOLK, and other English captains had decided to raise the siege; but as they wished to retreat with honor, they had set fire to their tents, and ranged themselves in order of battle. It was the last defiance of the vanquished to their victors.

At that demonstration the French wished to issue forth and accept the challenge; but JEHANNE instead of exciting their courage, endeavored to calm their ardor. "In the name of holy SUNDAY", said

she, "do not attack them: it is the will of God they should depart in peace, if they wish."

Then she sent for priests in their sacerdotal vestments, and while they sung hymns and prayed, accompanied by the people's voices, she ordered a blessed stone and table to be brought up. With these two objects they made an altar, where they performed mass, to which JEHANNE listened devoutly on her knees. At the conclusion of this she asked if the English had their faces or backs turned to the city.

"They have their backs turned! they are in retreat!" was the answer.

"Let them go," said JEHANNE; "God is not pleased that we should pursue them to-day. At another time he will render them to us."

Whatever was the desire to pursue the enemy, there was such a power in JEHANNE's voice that it deterred them, and they allowed the English to depart quietly. Only the soldiers and common people left the city, and went to pillage the two bastilles which still stood. These they razed to the ground, after taking from them their cannons and mortars, and conveying them into ORLEANS.

A part of the population were on the ramparts, from whence they saw the English retreating. When the clock struck twelve the besieging army was nowhere in sight.—The siege of ORLEANS was raised.

ART. XX.—THE NAMELESS RIVER.

NOW, azure as the crystal air,
Now, like unsullied snows,
In yonder valley, shining there
A nameless river flows.

"

Adown the rocks, in bright cascades,
It pours its flood of song:
Through fragrant fields and silent shades
Its waters wind along.

"

Flowers blossom on the rock-crowned hills,
Whence its fair waters glide,
And overhang the woodland rills
That swell its stately tide.

"

Serene its radiant waters flow,
In valleys calm and deep,
Where pine and ever-green cedar grow
And bending willows weep.

"

Beautiful flowers its banks adorn,
Its waves are lily-crowned,

And harvests of the emerald corn
Swell o'er the plains around.

"

Yet not for this, for evermore
I love its silvery tide ;
My steadfast, peerless ISADORE
Dwells on the river-side !

"

Still unto her my spirit leans,
When, by the river side,
'Mid fragrant flowers and evergreens
I walk at eventide.

"

Upon its grassy banks at noon,
Like one in dreams astray,
I listen to the tremulous tune
The gliding waters play.

"

I loiter by its waves at night,
Through shadowy vales afar,
With visions of ideal delight
Entranced as lovers are.

"

With tremulous stars the waters gleam,
Like old enchanted streams :—
Beneath her lattice, wreathed with vine,
They murmur whilst she dreams !

"

Flow on, thou nameless river ! flow
In beauty to the sea,
My heart is on thy waves of snow,
My love flies on with thee !

"

Thy silent waves to me no more
Like nameless waters glide,—
I name thee from my ISADORE,
Who dwells upon thy side !

ART. XXI.—TO DORQUITA.

OH ! could I tell my love !—If human tongue
Extent could measure ; or could depth be sung—
How many, mighty were my words of fire !
How deep, how vast the echoes of my lyre !

"

Yet speaks the voice unto my spirit-part ;
Yet sounds the lyre unto my hidden heart ;
And both speak back, and thrill my trembling frame,
With that huge answer—uttering thy name !

ART. XXII.—POE'S TALES. (a)

THE great fault of American and British authors is imitation of the peculiarities of thought and diction of those who have gone before them. They tread on a beaten track because it is well trodden. They follow as disciples, instead of being teachers. Hence it is that they denounce all novelty as a culpable variation from standard rules, and think all originality to be incomprehensible. To produce something which has not been produced before, in their estimation, is equal to six, at least, of the seven deadly sins—perhaps, the unpardonable sin itself—and for this crime they think the author should atone here in the purgatory of false criticism, and hereafter by the hell of oblivion. The odor of originality in a new book is “a savor of death unto death” to their productions, unless it can be destroyed. So they cry aloud—“Strange! incomprehensible! what is it about?” even though its idea may be plainly developed as the sun at noon-day. Especially, we are sorry to say, does this prevail in this country. Hence it is, that we are chained down to a wheel, which ever monotonously revolves round a fixed centre, progressing without progress.

Yet that we are beginning to emancipate ourselves from this thralldom, is seen in the book before us, and in the general appreciation of its merits, on both sides of the Atlantic. It has sold well: and the press has praised it, discriminately and yet with no stint. “The British Critic,” and other English literary journals laud it most handsomely. Though, as a general rule, we do not care a fig for British criticism—conducted as it mostly is, we *do* prize a favorable review, when it is evidently wrung from the reviewer by a high admiration and a strong sense of justice—as in the case before us. And all this, as we have said, proves that we are escaping the shackles of imitation. There is just as much chance of originality at this day, as at any other—all the nonsense of the sophists to the contrary, notwithstanding. “There is nothing new under the sun,” said SOLOMON. In the days of his many-wived majesty the proverb might apply—it is a dead saying now. The creative power of the mind is boundless. There is no end to the original combinations of words—nor need there be to the original combination of ideas.

The first tale in Mr. POE's book is called “The Gold Bug.” If we mistake not, it was written in competition for a large premium, some years since—a premium which it obtained. It made a great noise when first issued, and was circulated to a greater extent than any American tale, before or since. The intent of the author was evidently to write a popular tale: money, and the finding of money being chosen as the most popular thesis. In this he endeavoured to carry out his idea of the perfection of the plot, which he defines as—that, in which nothing can be disarranged, or from which nothing can be removed, without ruin to the mass—as that, in which we are never able to determine whether any one point depends upon or sustains any one other. We pronounce that he has perfectly succeeded in his

(a) “Tales by Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845.” 18mo., pp. 223.

perfect aim. There is a marked peculiarity, by-the-by, in it, which is this. The bug, which gives title to the story, is used only in the way of mystification, having throughout a seeming and no real connection with the subject. Its purpose is to seduce the reader into the idea of supernatural machinery, and keeping him so mystified until the last moment. The ingenuity of the story cannot be surpassed. Perhaps it is the most *ingenious* story Mr. POE has written; but in the higher attributes—a great invention—an invention proper—it is not at all comparable to the “Tell-tale Heart”—and more especially to “Ligeia,” the most extraordinary, of its kind, of his productions. The characters are well-drawn. The reflective qualities and steady purpose, founded on a laboriously obtained conviction of LEGRAND, is most faithfully depicted. The negro is a perfect picture. He is drawn accurately—no feature overshadowed, or distorted. Most of such delineations are caricatures. (a)

The materials of which the “Gold Bug” is constructed are, apparently, of the simplest kind. It is the mode of grouping them around the main idea, and their absolute necessity of each to the whole—note Mr. POE’s definition of plot before given—in which the perfection of their use consists. The solution of the mystery is the most curious part of the whole, and for this, which is a splendid specimen of analysis, we refer the reader to the book.

“The Black Cat” is the next tale. In our last number we found fault with this, as a reproduction of the “Tell-tale Heart.” On further examination, we think ourselves in error, somewhat. It is rather an amplification of one of its phases. The *dénouement* is a perfect printed *tableau*.

“Mesmeric Revelations,” which comes next, has excited much discussion. A large number of the mesmerists, queerly enough, take it all for gospel. Some of the Swedenborgians, at PHILADELPHIA, wrote word to POE, that at first they doubted, but in the end became convinced, of its truth. This was excruciatingly and unsurpassably funny—in spite of the air of *vraisemblance* that pervades the article itself. It is evidently meant to be nothing more than the vehicle of the author’s views concerning the DEITY, immateriality, spirit, &c., which he apparently believes to be true, in which belief he is joined by Professor BUSH. The matter is most rigorously condensed and simplified. It might easily have been spread over the pages of a large octavo.

“Lionizing,” which PAULDING, and some others regard with great favor, has been overlooked, in general. It is an extravaganza, composed by rules—and the laws of extravaganza is as much and clearly defined as those of any other species of composition.

“The Fall of the House of Usher,” was stolen by BENTLEY, who copied it in his “Miscellany,” without crediting the source from whence he derived it. The thesis of this tale, is the revulsion of feeling con-

(a) We see, by-the-by, that Willis, in one of his letters, talks about the tales having to encounter an obstacle in England, because of the word “bug.” This is a mere affectation—but were it not, the junction with “gold” saves it. Look at the other compounds in common English use—“bugbear,” for instance. “Gold-bug” is peculiarly an English—not an American word

sequent upon discovering that for a long period of time we have been mistaking sounds of agony, for those of mirth or indifference. It is an elaborate tale—surpassed only by “*Ligeia*,” in our judgment. IRVING’S view of it—and he speaks of it, in italics, as *powerful*, is correct. The *dénouement*, where the doors open, and the figure is found standing without the door, as USHER had foretold, is grand and impressive. It appears to be better liked than the rest of Mr. Poe’s productions, among literary people—though with the mass, the “Gold-bug,” and “Murders in the Rue Morgue,” are more popular, because of their unbroken interest, novelty of the combination of ordinary incident, and faithful minuteness of detail. “The Haunted Palace,” from which we stated in our late review of his poems, LONGFELLOW had stolen, all, that was worth stealing, of his “BELEAGUERED CITY,” and which is here introduced with effect, was originally sent to O’SULLIVAN, of the “Democratic Review,” and by him rejected, because “he found it impossible to comprehend it.” In connection with the subject of rejections, there is a good thing concerning TUCKERMAN, which would show—if it needed to show the very palpable—his utter lack of discrimination, and his supreme self-esteem. When he edited the “Boston Miscellany,” POE, under the impression that the work was still conducted by HALE, sent him “The Tell-tale Heart,” a most extraordinary, and very original composition. Whereon Master TUCKERMAN, in noting its rejection, chose to say, through his publishers, that “if Mr. Poe would condescend to be more quiet, he would be a valuable contributor to the press.” POE rejoined, that TUCKERMAN was the King of the Quietists, and in three months would give a quietus to the “Miscellany.” The author was mistaken in time—it only took two months to finish the work. LOWELL afterwards published the “Tell-tale Heart,” in the “Pioneer.”

“A descent into the Maelström,” is chiefly noted for the boldness of its subject—a subject never dreamed of before—and for the clearness of its descriptions.

“Monos and Una,” is one of a series of *post-mortem* reveries. The style, we think, is good. Its philosophy is damnable; but this does not appear to have been a point with the author, whose purpose, doubtless, was novelty of effect—a novelty brought about by the tone of the colloquy. The reader feels as though he were listening to the talk of spirits. In the usual imaginary conversations—LANDOR’S, for instance—he is permitted to see a tone of banter. He feels that the author is not in earnest. He understands that spirits have been invented for the purpose of introducing their supposed opinions.

“The man of the Crowd,” is the last sketch in the work. It is peculiar and fantastic, but contains little worthy of special note, after what has been said of others.

The three tales before the last, are “Murders in the Rue Morgue”—“Mystery of Marie Roget”—and “The Purloined Letter.” They are all of the same class—a class peculiar to Mr. POE. They are inductive—tales of ratiocination—of profound and searching analysis. “The Mystery of Marie Roget”—although in this, the author appears to have been hampered by facts—reveals the whole secret of their mode of construction. It is true that there the facts were before him

—so that it is not fully a parallel—but the *rationale* of the process is revealed by it. The author, as in the case of “Murders in the Rue Morgue,” the first written, begins by imagining a deed committed by such a creature, or in such a manner, as would most effectually mislead inquiry. Then he applies analysis to the investigation.

There is much made of nothing in “The Purloined Letter,”—the story of which is simple; but the reasoning is remarkably clear, and directed solely to the required end. It first appeared in the “Gift,” and was thence copied into CHAMBERS’ “Edinburgh Journal,” as a most notable production. We like it less than the others, of the same class. It has not their continuous and absorbing interest.

“The Mystery of Marie Roget” has a local, independent of any other, interest. Every one, at all familiar with the internal history of NEW YORK, for the last few years, will remember the murder of MARY ROGERS, the segar-girl. The deed baffled all attempts of the police to discover the time and mode of its commission, and the identity of the offenders. To this day, with the exception of the light afforded by the tale of Mr. POE, in which the faculty of analysis is applied to the facts, the whole matter is shrouded in complete mystery. We think, he has proven, very conclusively, that which he attempts. At all events, he has dissipated in our mind, all belief that the murder was perpetrated by more than one.

The incidents in the “Murder in the Rue Morgue” are purely imaginary. Like all the rest, it is written backwards.

We have thus noticed the entire collection—and have only to say, by way of close, that the collection embraces by no means the best of Mr. POE’s productions that we have seen; or rather is not totally so good, as might have been made, though containing some of the best.

The style of Mr. POE is clear and forcible. There is often a minuteness of detail; but on examination it will always be found that this minuteness was necessary to the developement of the plot, the effect, or the incidents. His style may be called, strictly, an earnest one. And this earnestness is one of its greatest charms. A writer must have the fullest belief in his statements, or must simulate that belief perfectly, to produce an absorbing interest in the mind of his reader. That power of simulation can only be possessed by a man of high genius. It is the result of a peculiar combination of the mental faculties. It produces earnestness, minute, not profuse detail, and fidelity of description. It is possessed by Mr. POE, in its full perfection.

The evident and most prominent aim of Mr. POE is originality, either of idea, or the combination of ideas. He appears to think it a crime to write unless he has something novel to write about, or some novel way of writing about an old thing. He rejects every word not having a tendency to develop the effect. Most writers get their subjects first, and write to develop it. The first inquiry of Mr. POE is for a novel effect—then for a subject; that is, a new arrangement of circumstance, or a new application of tone, by which the effect shall be developed. And he evidently holds whatever tends to the furtherance of the effect, to be legitimate material. Thus it is that he has produced works of the most notable character, and elevated the mere “tale,” in this country, over the larger “novel”—conventionally so termed.

ART. XXIII.—OUR BOOK-SHELVES.

THE "great book" of the month—decidedly—is the republication by JAMES ACKERMANN, of CATLIN's magnificent "Indian Sketches." This consists of twenty-five plates, of an extra large size, lithographed in the most finished manner, and then colored so as to resemble pictures in water colors. It is hardly possible to give the reader an adequate idea of the spirit and effect of these. They must be seen in order to be appreciated. We have seen and examined the English edition, and believe it to be, in some respects, inferior. The letter-press is handsomely got up, and the port-folios fashioned in the most perfect manner. This is merely, we learn, the commencement of works of a similar character and style. We consider every effort of the kind creditable to all by whom it is projected and carried out; but this most creditable.

WILEY and PUTNAM continue their "Library of Choice Reading," with unabated spirit. Since our last they have issued three numbers; and announce, in addition, as in readiness, "The Twins and Heart," by TUPPER, the author of "The Crock of Gold."

No. 24.—"Bubbles from the Brunnen," by Sir F. B. HEAD. One of the most racy and readable of books; marked by a clear, vivid and vivacious style; and filled with amusing and diversified incident. We know of no book which we can recommend sooner, as a fireside companion, than this.

No 25.—"Table Talk," by HAZLITT. Second series. Part 1. We have expressed our opinion fully in the last number, on the powers of HAZLITT. This volume is in nowise inferior to the former volumes in the series, from the same pen.

No. 26.—"Selections from Taylor, Barrow, South, Fuller, etc.," by BASIL MONTAGUE. A judicious selection. It makes up a manual of practical piety and pure wisdom.

The same firm have published three more of their "Library of American Books."

No. 4. "The Wigwam and the Cabin," by W. GILMORE SIMMS. The reading public who reside north of the POTOMAC are not as familiar as they should be, with the author of this book. Mr. SIMMS is a writer, of force, clearness, and often positive power, with great felicity of incident, and occupies, by right, a high position among the American authors. Mr. POE places him the very first of American novelists; and though we do not admit this, we give him a prominent place in the foremost rank. The volume before us is a collection of tales, most of which have been formerly published in the annuals. They are printed together, for the first time; and will attain a very extensive circulation. "James Grayling," is one of the best defined ghost stories we have ever read. "The Snake in the Cabin," delighted us hugely. We hope to see another volume, of the same kind, from the same pen.

No. 5.—"Big Abel and the Little Manhattan," by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. Under the guise of a record of the proceedings of two vagabonds, descendants—the one of HENDRICK HUDSON, and the other of the last chief of the tribe who once owned the island on which the

city is built, Mr. MATTHEWS has endeavored to portray the present and shadow the future of the city of NEW YORK. The faults and merits of the work are Mr. MATTHEWS' own. They appear in his other works. The main design—the under-current of meaning is obscurely made out; but the incidents are vividly brought before us—and the touches of sly satire and quiet humor, which are profusely scattered through the work, are really delightful. We threw the book down in a huff, however; for we had become interested in the adventures of the two oddities who give it a title, and the abruptness of the conclusion forced us on the allegory, to our great dissatisfaction.

No. 6.—“Wanderings of a Pilgrim, under the Shadow of Mont Blanc,” by GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D. Why this book was presented to the public, we cannot conceive, unless to show that a Doctor of Divinity could write a work not purely theological. It contains a vast deal of cant and drivel, and is composed in the most slovenly style. What is still worse, it is full of abuse of the Catholics—and on this account should not have appeared in a selection of works for all classes. Whether we do or do not admit the strictures contained to be true, we must lay down the positive rule, that to excite the prejudices of one set of men against any other, is a positive injury to the community. This jarring of sects and sectaries has done more to promote a disrespect for the religion of CHRIST, than all the efforts of skeptics. We believe in the Unity of the DEITY, and have, therefore, no sympathy with the Trinitarian doctrines of the Roman Catholics; but we love to see Christian charity, which books, like this before us, tends to weaken. We profoundly believe it to be a very potent engine in the hands of SATAN; and have no doubt that the Great Spirit of Evil guided the author's pen, as he wrote.

The same publishers, we are glad to see, announce “The Raven, and other Poems,” by EDGAR A. POE.

HARPER & Brothers have furnished the public with little since our last. Among their issues, we observe the following:—

“A Journal of the Texan Expedition against Mier,” &c., by Gen. THOMAS J. GREEN. A book of thrilling adventures—historically correct—and one which gives a clear idea, not only of the hardihood and daring courage of the Mier volunteers, but of the condition of TEXAS, at the present time. It is a valuable work of reference; and is positively crammed with incident and interest. Its typographical execution is neat and beautiful.

The same publishers have completed their edition of the “Wandering Jew;” and brought within one number of completion, their very valuable “Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy.” They have also commenced the publication of serial volumes, under the title of “Harpers' New Miscellany.” Of these, there has only appeared—

No. 1.—“The Elements of Morality, including Polity,” by WILLIAM WHEEWELL, D. D. Invaluable as this book will prove, as a text-book, and containing as it does the most perfect system, the publishers deserve to receive the substantial thanks of the community, in its extensive circulation. A more instructive volume could not be found.

LEA and BLANCHARD, of PHILADELPHIA, have issued the first volume of a most valuable work, namely:—

"Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain, declared by Act of Congress, the 18th of June, 1812, and concluded by Peace, the 15th of February, 1815," by CHARLES J. INGERSOLL. In three volumes. Mr. INGERSOLL is a nervous and forcible writer; and the powers of research and talent with which he has been liberally gifted by nature, appear to have been appealed to in the construction of this work. It contains, however, glaring faults in the way of carelessness. The proofs were probably never read by the author.

CAREY and HART have issued "The Life and Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs," &c. With engravings after designs, by DARLEY. We sat down to this book quietly; read, laughed—read, and laughed again. There is more true, indigenous humor in this, than anything we have yet seen, from the American press—"Jack Downing," "Jonathan Slick," and "Major Jones," not excepted. Captain Suggs is a man of metal—"yea! an honest, incorruptible—very jewel of a fellow." And Daddy ELIAS BIGGS—with his repeated visits to the "yeathen war"—and his hatred of the Chatahospa people! That he may speedily have another scrape at COCKERELL'S BEND, is our earnest wish. The designs of DARLEY, in the book, like all he does, are inimitable. The look of profound fright in the sentry—the solemn grandeur of Captain SUGGS, at the drum-head court-martial—the portrait of the veritable Captain himself—his reception of the Bank President—with KIT KUNCKER, his horse and his dog—are they not all pictured by the graver?

The author of this book is the editor of a country paper, in ALABAMA, in which, we believe, the sketches first appeared. He is evidently a man of the most decided, unapproachable and original humor.

There appears to be little doing, in the way of publishing. There have been other works issued by various houses, and by those we have noticed, but not anything worthy of especial note.

OUR PIGEON-HOLES.

IMPUDENT PLAGIARISM.—We take the following article in reference to ourself, from the "Broadway Journal," edited by Edgar A. Poe. The offence is aggravated by the fact that the music which the fellow has thought proper to affix to the lines he has so vilely mutilated, is an evident cross between Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred—partaking of the worst qualities of its parents. It reminds us of that drawling melody attached to the song of "The Pizing Serpent." We tried to teach it to our cat, and found no difficulty. We had only to hold her up by the tail, and the shrieks she uttered, formed the tune, note for note. Mr. Poe did not mention these facts, not desirous probably of interfering with the province of Mr. Henry C. Watson, the musical editor of the "Broadway Journal;" but as it is they are certainly true—cat and all. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Webster, that when he next steals and mutilates an article of ours, he will be kind enough to steal and *not* mutilate some decent melody, to couple with it. But here are the remarks of the "Journal":—

"Thomas Dunn English, the editor of the 'Aristidean,' wrote for the 'New Mirror,' a short time after it was established, a poem called 'Ben Bolt,' to which he appended his initials. From its simplicity of diction and touching truthfulness of narrative, it became popular, and being extensively copied, induced the author to acknowledge it. It runs thus :

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt ?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood ?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain ;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim ?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new ;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

"Several musical people have attempted to adapt an air to these words ; and there are, in consequence, five editions of the songs afloat, issued under the auspices of various publishers. In some of these a portion of the stanzas are taken—and in all there are various errors. They are such errors, however, as seem to be without intention, and bear every evidence of their accidental nature. The one before us is of a different kind. It occurs on two pages of music and words, published by Oliver & Ditsen, Washington-street, Boston, with the following title :—

'There's a change in the things I love. Composed and respectfully dedicated to his friend B. F. Baker, Esq., by Joseph P. Webster.'

"The evident intention of Mr. Webster is to claim the authorship of the words as well as the music—which latter has in it nothing remarkable. But whether this is, or is not, the intention of Mr. Webster, he has committed a most vile fraud upon Mr. English. Instead of printing the poem as given above, he gives four of the stanzas only, and in the following form—the italics, which mark the alterations and additions, being our own :—

O don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
 Sweet Alice with *hair so brown* ;
 Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
 And trembled with fear at your frown.
 In the old churchyard in the *Abbey*, Ben Bolt,
 In a corner obscure and alone,
 They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
 And Alice lies under the stone.

O don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
 That grew on the green sunny hill ;
 Where oft we have played 'neath its wide-spreading shade,
 And listened to Appleton's mill.
 The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
 And the rafters have fallen in,
 And a quiet has settled on all around,
 In the place of the olden din.

O don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim ;
 And the quiet nook and the running brook,
 Where the schoolboys went to swim.
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 And the running brook is dry :
 And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
 There is only you and I.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt,
 A change from the old to the new ;
 But I feel in the core of my heart, Ben Bolt,
 There never was change in you.
 Twelve months—twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
 But still with delight I hail
 Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
 Ben Bolt of the salt sea-gale.

"Now, in the name of the craft of authors we protest against such impudent thieving as this. The thing is growing to a nuisance. No sooner does a literary man produce anything worthy of especial note, than some lack-brained fellow—some Mr. Joseph P. Webster—takes it up, and either passes it off as his own, or mangles it shamefully in an attempt at emendation—or perhaps both. If caught, he sneaks off in silence, like a detected robber of hen-roosts—if not, he chuckles at his successful rascality, and enjoys a reputation obtained for him by alien brains."

IMPARTIALITY.—We have received a long and well-written communication in defence of the action of those of the Abolitionists who form what is called the "Liberty party." It is certainly moderate in its tone, correct in a part of its statements, and powerful in its reasoning. We must decline it, however, altogether. While we admit the truth of some of its statements, and admire the ability displayed by the writer, we consider it to be filled with falsehood and serious error. But that is nothing. This is a magazine entirely opposed to the efforts of the Abolitionists. To admit a paper militating against our own views would be folly. It would be to load a gun, and fire it against our own breast.

The author tries to force us into consent, by accusing us of "an evident desire to be impartial in matters of controversy." The charge is an insult. We are not impartial, never were, and hope we never may be. We are necessarily partial to the doctrines we have embraced. We should lack independence and honor if we were not. Impartial ! To be impartial, in controversy, after having formed an opinion, is to confess our opinion to be unjust, or to prove ourselves vacillating, weak, and docile to the hand of every dictator. We are not impartial ; and we beg leave to state it, at once, now and forever, for the benefit of all concerned. We are only independent—independent to express our opinions as we choose, and to admit or reject all articles submitted to us, as our judgment may decide us to do.